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The Week

THE fighting in Dublin between the troops of the Free State and the Republican Irregulars will pass into the tragedies of Irish history. The forty-nine who fell on both sides are as truly martyrs to the cause of Irish freedom as the victims of the insurrection of 1916. But in the case of the former we may mourn in hope. The suppression by the Provisional Government of the revolt against its authority had to come, but very wisely it withheld its stroke until the elections had shown that the majority of the voters were in favor of the treaty and the Free State. Then the military operations against the rebels were conducted with the greatest humanity. Never did the Free State Irish forget that they were fighting Irish patriots like themselves. It is characteristic of this war that while Eamonn de Valera was fighting at the head of the insurgents in Gresham Hotel, his paper was appearing regularly and circulating without interference. There will be no executions as after the Dublin revolt to deepen the feud between Free Staters and Republicans. Above all the British authorities showed steady good faith toward and confidence in the Provisional Government. With 5,000 troops in Dublin nothing would have been easier for the British government than to "restore order," had it the remotest purpose of reasserting its rights to interfere in Ireland. This tolerance of the British for Irish difficulties and the refusal to capitalize the murder of Sir Henry Wilson as a basis for a new campaign of hate against Ireland are the most favorable signs in the clearing Irish sky. The most ominous are still to be discerned in the sullen clouds which are brooding over Ulster.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S demand that the Alien Property Custodian shall take steps to secure the return of German patents purchased by the American Chemical Foundation from the Alien Property Custodian is a belated step in pursuit of the war profiteers. Among the major scandals of the war the conduct of the office of Alien Property Custodian by A. Mitchell Palmer and Francis P. Garvan must be accounted the worst. A review of their behavior by a competent legal authority was published in The New Republic for September 21, 1921. Not only did their proceedings involve the seizure of private property in defiance of the law of nations, of specific treaties, and of the tradition of the United States, but the illicit enrichment of individuals. Such concerns as the Bosch Magneto and the Bayer Company were turned over to private profiteers at a fraction of their real value. But the most monstrous of such transactions was the sale of 4700 German patents, one of them admittedly worth $10,000,000, by Mr. Garvan for $250,000 to a group of five men headed by himself. A suspicion arises that the President is indulging in irony at Mr. Garvan's expense when he writes to his successor that "the circumstances relating to the entire transaction are of such a character that full investigation becomes a public duty." This suspicion becomes a certainty when he adds "I feel that your office is obligated to maintain the

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sacred character of the trust to which the Alien Property Custodian is committed by law."

BUT irony is not a sufficient punishment for those who were guilty of the meanest of all crimes and the basest of all treacheries known in war. Mr. Garvan defends his proceeding on the ground that the control of German patents is necessary to the development of the American dye industry and the manufacture of munitions. James Russell Lowell once pointed out that our desire for light does not constitute a right to steal our neighbor's candles. Mr. Garvan protests that he never received a cent of salary or profit from the Chemical Foundation, but he admits that the Duponts have invested $15,000,000 in plants and research for the development of certain of the patents. Does Job fear God for nought? He characterizes the President's action as "utterly ridiculous" and attributes it to German propaganda, in which hypothesis he is sustained by that eminent authority on the subject, A. Mitchell Palmer. According to the latter "the President's action was the greatest victory Germany has won since Pershing (sic) turned back her legions at Chateau-Thierry." All of which reminds us that a nation's worst foes may be those of its own household, and of Dr. Johnson's remark that patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S address in opening the conference of representatives of the coal companies and the miners was impeccable. He reminded the two parties that together they "represent a large sponsorship for America's supply of fuel," and hence have "an indissoluble relationship to the commonwealth of America." Not only did he assert the interest of the public in the dispute; he declared that interest to be paramount. The President disclaimed any idea of touching on the immediate points at issue, and admitted that "fundamental problems probably cannot be solved in a hurried conference." He defined the conference as the beginning of such a solution. No more hopeful assumption of such a character by the conference can be made than its loyal acceptance of President Harding's position that the primary obligation of both miner and operator is "to that public which made possible your industrial existence"; and its recognition of the fact that in the failure to justify that industrial existence "the larger public interest must be asserted in the name of the people, where the common good is the first and highest concern."

THE first point of difference which will arise between the representatives of the operators and those of the miners will be whether the agreements to be negotiated shall be national or state. The point is a vital one. The deposits of coal in this country do not follow state lines. The largest deposit of bituminous coal underlies the geographical boundaries of several states and is known as the central competitive field. This field is so important that it dominates the production of bituminous coal throughout the country, and controls prices and conditions of employment. For years operators have exercised an undue measure of control over this field through the maintenance of unorganized labor in certain districts. Now the men in these districts will no longer be an instrument in the war against their unionized fellows, and have struck with the rest. This circumstance gives special point to the effort of the operators to break up the central competitive field into fractions by following state lines. The miners are right in insisting that this field is an economic and industrial unit and should be so regarded in all agreements.

ENTHUSIASM for "straightening out Mexico" is at a low ebb. We have only to contrast the calm with which the press reports the latest kidnapping outrage with the excitement such an outrage would have produced in 1916, in order to realize how general is the belief that the Obregon government is managing its affairs as well as they could be managed. One reason why the American public is not excited is that it has learned to look with suspicion upon kidnapping episodes. They can usually be managed without serious discomfort to anyone, and even at times by consent. Accordingly they are the most convenient of all means for making interventionist propaganda, and everybody is sick of every sort of propaganda. Mr. Bielaski, we believe, was kidnapped in good faith, so far as his own part in the transaction was concerned. We are less certain of the good faith of the kidnappers. Such episodes are bound to recur so long as there is any hope of inducing intervention, and some hope of that will survive so long as Mr. Hughes persists in withholding recognition from the Obregon government.

APPARENTLY the legal differences between the oil men and the Mexican government are in the way of being straightened out. The Mexican government is willing to leave to the oil men subsoil rights acquired prior to the adoption of the present constitution. It is also willing to give assurances that the power of taxation will not be used as a power to destroy. But there remain important economic differences. The oil men are seeking de-

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velopment rights which involve control of the subsoil in territory not conceded to them before the adoption of the constitution. And such rights can not be granted without violating the plain provisions of the constitution. Our State Department has backed the oil men in their legitimate claims on Mexico. We wonder whether it is equally active in discouraging them from presenting claims that no Mexican government could grant without laying itself open to the charge of usurpation of unconstitutional powers.

OLD Guard optimism is proving its quality in brave attempts to explain away the significance of the victory of Frazier of North Dakota. Purely a local matter, they say. The Non-Partisan League had been scotched, not killed; it can bite as venomously as ever; but the administration is out of reach of its fangs. This explanation might have sufficed if the nomination of Beveridge and Brookhart had not preceded that of Frazier. The collective evidence indicates that between the two great mountain ranges there are a half million square miles of deflated farmers, in a mood to turn their ballots into bullets. The subsidy and the McCumber tariff are likely to prove very fragile breastworks for the Old Guard.

ALL the world knows that if the Russians agree to restore the French and British properties they had confiscated, it will be with regret. The French and British would regret bitterly the necessity of restoring the German properties they confiscated. If the Russians do restore the properties, it will be for a quid pro quo of some sort, just as the Allies might restore German properties for a sufficient quid pro quo. This everybody knows, and everybody says, when he can find a listener to such commonplaces. But when Litvinoff happens to say what amounts to the same thing, that Russia is governed by expediency in the matter and is primarily interested in its own people, not in the claims of foreigners, the French are greatly enraged and threaten to leave the conference unless the statement is retracted. Truth is hateful to the professional diplomat, even where it is wholly irrelevant to any practical issue.

A FEW lines in the Times announce inconspicuously the closing on July 1st of the so-called Russian Information Bureau. That fountain of misinformation, in its five years of activity, accomplished miracles in leading astray a public with some leanings toward realism. Imagine a more difficult task than that of dressing up bloodstained adventurers like Kolchak, Yudenitch and Denikin as ideal democrats. Yet Mr. A. J. Sack and his bureau succeeded in doing it. Think of the audacity of the claim that the Allied blockade of Russia and the non-intercourse policies of Colby and Hughes were designed to benefit their unhappy victims, the Russians denied food, medicines, anaesthetics. Mr. Sack managed to make the claim plausible, even to intelligent readers. We do not know what is going to become of Mr. Sack now, but we have our fears. We fear he will turn up at Moscow as minister of propaganda, working successfully to persuade the world that a Bolshevik revolution is a pink tea affair worthy of general emulation.

Ship Subsidy: A Fraud and a Disgrace

NO better illustration of the weakness of American processes of legislation could be found than the history of the ship subsidy bill now before Congress. Faults of national character as well as governmental machinery have been displayed during the months that Mr. Lasker has been earnestly engaged in attempting to put over the bill of which he is the father—an attempt, incidentally, which is all the more interesting when one recalls that the chairman of the Shipping Board is a government employee, and that the bill will put into the hands of his organization the most extraordinary discriminatory powers.

The economic basis of international competition in ocean shipping is a fairly complicated question. Consequently, no American takes time to understand it, and the whole discussion of the matter in Congress and the press is predicated upon the assumption that the statements of ship owners are wholly reliable. These ship owners, who will benefit enormously if the law is passed, assert that it is impossible for them to compete with foreign-owned vessels in trans-oceanic trade. Their old argument that the LaFollette law was the cause of all their ills has now been abandoned. Their present contention is that American wages and subsistence create a differential against them of 4 or 5 percent of the total overhead cost of operation, to which must be added under normal conditions an increased capital charge due to the higher cost per gross ton on ships built in American yards. American wages, according to Winthrop L. Marvin, of the American Steamship Owners' Association, are 30 to 40 percent higher than those on British vessels. American subsistence is 70 to 80 cents per day per man instead of 50 as abroad.

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Mr. Lasker and his friends have therefore centred attention skillfully on the question, which is the most desirable form of subsidy? When a raid on the Treasury is in contemplation, the attack is always better organized, more intelligent and more voluble than the defence—if indeed the latter exists. Thus the question as to why America should have a merchant marine at all has never been raised; not even the two good arguments for it have been brought forward, the military one and the usefulness of American steamship offices abroad in drumming up trade for our importers and exporters. Disregarding both this fundamental issue and the question as to whether a subsidy is needed, the Shipping Board's researches have been devoted to finding out in how many ways it is possible to aid the steamship companies.

Of these ways they have found plenty. The cream of the government's 10,000,000 tons of ships will be sold at a price of about $30 a ton, which is anywhere from $10 to $50 less than replacement prices today abroad or at home. Direct subsidization will be granted on a basis of one-half cent per gross ton per hundred miles, and this increases with the speed of the vessel (above 12 knots) until the maximum is 2.6 cents for vessels making 23 knots and up. Ships of 1,500 to 5,000 tons will all be regarded as of 5,000 tons in making subsidy payments. To induce American shippers to use our vessels, they are allowed to deduct from their federal income tax payments a sum equal to 5 percent of the freight charges they have paid on goods exported or imported in ships under our flag. Fifty percent of all immigration must be carried by the American Merchant Marine, a provision admirably calculated to produce retaliatory legislation in European countries. Mr. Lasker wants $125,000,000 as a revolving fund to be loaned out at 2 percent to ship owners who will use it in constructing and fitting new ships (the interest, incidentally, being returnable to the Shipping Board and not to the Treasury which has to put up the money in the first place). Lest this provision should prove inadequate, any ship owner is completely exempt from taxation on any of his profits which he uses in building and outfitting new ships, this exemption, as in the case of the 2 percent loan, applying to two-thirds of the total cost of construction.

These provisions would be sufficiently extraordinary even if all American ship owners were to benefit by them alike; but instead, the utmost discrimination is provided in the terms of the bill. Loans at 2 percent from the $125,000,000 revolving fund may be made by Chairman Lasker and his board in any amount and to any persons they may see fit; and may be refused to any other persons, provided only that some sort of reason "is spread upon the minutes of the board." The cash subsidy may be doubled for any ship or any line of ships, if Mr. Lasker chooses; or it may be taken away entirely; or it may be set at any amount between nothing at all and twice the basic rate. (The Leviathan could receive $1,800,000 a year under this provision.) The Shipping Board also has autocratic power over any existing contracts between common carriers by land and common carriers by water. It may declare agreements valid or invalid at its own sweet will, regardless of court decisions. One must be unutterably naïve not to recognize the opportunity members of a future Shipping board of low character would have both for lining their own pockets and for building up a political machine of tremendous power.

Mr. Lasker's chief argument is that passage of his bill will "take the government out of the shipping business," and put an end to the enormous annual losses now being incurred, losses which he almost gleefully points out, now amount to $50,000,000 a year. These are curious theories; for his bill would assuredly put the government deeper in the shipping business than ever, for the decade covered by the proposal. He himself estimates the annual cost of the bill at $40,000,000, while his critics say that the sum will be at least $75,000,000. Since our fleet, which cost more than three and a half billions, is now worth only from $150,000,000 to $250,000,000, it is clear that Mr. Lasker proposes not only to sell the ships at an extremely low figure, but to pay the man who buys one approximately twice its total value in the next ten years. However, even this would not solve the problem, for not less than 5,000,000 and perhaps as much as 7,000,000 tons of ships are completely unsalable, and will remain in the government's hands. It may not be fair to assume that their upkeep will be one-half of the $50,000,000 Mr. Lasker is now spending each year on his 10,000,000 tons; but the amount will certainly be considerable.

To be sure, some of this annual expense of $50,000,000 may be sheer waste, as is indicated by a remarkable statement of Mr. Lasker's last week. The government, he said, is operating some 400 ships at a cost of $50,000,000 a year. But if Congress will just pass the subsidy law, the same ships in private hands will need only $8,000,000 of aid from the government. In other words, Mr. Lasker admits that the Shipping Board is losing $42,000,000 a year more than private owners would lose on the same operation. He feels that this is an indictment of government ownership. It is a little as though a Presbyterian, having burned

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down his own house, should assert that in view of his experience Presbyterians are obviously not entitled to houses. But Mr. Lasker's case is even worse, for his whole statement is incorrect. The government is not operating 400 ships; it is operating only a few ships in two lines, the Panama S. S. Co. and the United States Line, both of which are reported to be doing very well. The great majority of the 400 vessels on which Mr. Lasker is able to show such a fine loss are in the hands of private managers under one form or another of lease.

Even a cursory study of the provisions of the bill should give any thoughtful taxpayer grave doubts; but seemingly the thoughtful taxpayer does not exist, or does his cursory thinking on other subjects, for the whole fate of the merchant marine is apparently to be settled after all by liquor. All our passenger-carrying ships sell wine and spirits, as do those of every other nation. Mr. Lasker says that no wine means no passengers; while the prohibition forces quite properly point out the monstrous paradox of the government's being the biggest and most shameless bootlegger. There is so much general opposition to the subsidy that it would probably be hopeless to attempt an alternative measure applying only to freight vessels; and with Mr. Lasker and the Volsteadians locked in mortal combat, it seems more than likely that the whole subsidy issue will be wrecked entirely or postponed for some years. Congress may be brave enough to pass a law permitting no liner of any nationality to enter an American port with liquor aboard, but this seems hardly probable. The national mind, which seems incapable of focussing on an economic question, whether it has to do with competition at sea or the production of coal, finds a quarrel about liquor dramatic and homely enough to stick in the memory. The prohibition issue is both accidental and incidental; but that may not prevent it from deciding the fate of our merchant marine.

Pussy Footing on the Railroad Strike

ON the eve of the railroad strike the World comes out with a plaintive don't. And because the editorial article in question is an example of the method of handling such subjects by the press, even when it is well disposed toward labor, it is worth examination. The World makes its chief point against the strike with the well known argument that the shopmen "would lose in wages during the strike as much or more than they can gain if by a long gamble they should win." The answer to this is that the cause of labor would never have advanced at all if there had not been men willing to lose wages, to starve and die and see their children die in the "long gamble" which has given labor at least the right to be heard and considered.

The World continues in an adagio lamentoso to deplore the decisions of the Labor Board. It admits that certain of the wage rates which the Board has established, "are undoubtedly below the accepted American minimum standard of living," and that "the government is reducing the wages of certain railway men to a point perilously near, if not below, the minimum of existence." But, it continues, "it is useless to make a futile protest against a decision which may be hasty and crude but is legal." Putting aside the attempt to beg the question in the word futile, it may be inquired whether there can be a better justification of a strike than a reduction of wages to the point where life itself becomes precarious, whether a strike is not always justified under such circumstances as a natural and human reaction without which men would cease to be men. As for the World's appeal to Mr. Legality, the competence of this eminent person is one of the points in question. What is the legality of the decisions of the Labor Board? It has ruled against the railroads on certain issues, they have flouted its decisions, and the Board has taken its licking lying down. The courts have pronounced against certain pretensions of the Board, and whatever its ultimate authority may turn out to be it has already passed into history along with the Clayton law as another of the gross deceptions to which labor has been subjected by a government to which it is urged to be loyal.

"There is needed a thorough reconsideration of our present railroad law," continues the World hopefully. "For if American railroads which exploit the richest country in the world are not solvent enough to pay a living wage to every employee, then something is radically wrong with the way those railroads are handled." We look in amazement at the date of the issue which we are reading. It is clearly 1922. Then the only explanation is that the stars which make the World's editorial page the most brilliant constellation in the firmament of our hemisphere were simultaneously off the job and the distracted make-up man had recourse to the cannery, product of 1912. Did the World ever hear of Louis D. Brandeis and his exposure of J. P. Morgan's looting of the New Haven? The facts are available in the public documents. Did it ever hear of the brothers Moore

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and the Rock Island? And is it not familiar with recent testimony before the Senate Committee and before the Labor Board itself in which it is shown that the parasites of these great thugs have become their successors in graft, and that the reason why labor and legitimate capital represented by stock ownership both suffer hunger is the dominance of a power neither legislation nor courts can reach?

The World points out that "the Labor Board is based on the mistaken principle that the wages problem can be artificially segregated from the general financial problem." Exactly therein lay the trick. But "wage policies must be regulated by authorities which regulate the other aspects of railroad finance." Let us see. This means the Interstate Commerce Commission, which recently allowed the New York Central to escape from its agreement with the city of Cleveland in regard to a union station, and issue many millions of bonds to build a station elsewhere to support a gigantic and nefarious real estate speculation. It is believed that the Commission acted under the direct orders of President Harding, but whether this be true or not its action calls attention to the continuance of the institution of Morganatic marriage between railroads and banking interests.

Finally the World commits its spirit into the hands of God with the pious ejaculation: "The men should rather combine as citizens with the growing mass of people who are dissatisfied with the existing railroad law to secure a reconsideration of that law for the purpose of substituting unity of financial regulation for the present confusion of responsibilties." And what hope is there that this "ever growing mass of people" whose interests are various will prove more successful in meeting a complex situation than the mass of New Haven stockholders, whose interest was single, were in meeting a very simple one? If the owners can't direct their roads and punish the thieves who plunder them, what chance is there that the public will do so, short of complete control or ownership? There was one chance of focussing public attention on the situation in such measure as to bring about a revision of the Esch-Cummins law, now that the deceptions of this law are made manifest. That was for the Railroad Labor Board to resign in a body. But the members of the Railroad Labor Board are opposed to striking on the job—on their own very good jobs. Hence it falls to the men whose grievances have, as the World admits. become nearly unsupportable, to make the only protest labor can make. Whether in the long run it is futile depends on that public whose battle these men are fighting, and such papers as the World, whose influence with the public is very great.

The German Republic in Danger

THE German republic will not fall in consequence of one assassination, or of three hundred. The killing of Erzberger was a heavy blow to the efficiency of its governmental machine, and the killing of Rathenau was a still heavier blow. But Germany does not lack in efficient administrators, brave enough to take up a thankless labor under the menace of assassination. The danger to the German republic is of a different nature. It lies in the progressive discrediting of the republican idea. Where the corn fails the weeds will inevitably spring up and flourish. Just now the weeds of monarchist militarism and communism are raising their heads above the level of German politics. They are doing this not by virtue of their inherent vigor, but because of the blight that has fallen upon the republic.

Let us recall the circumstances in which the republic came into existence. Was there a passionate longing for precisely this form of state among the German people? Not at all. There had long been an admiration for the British parliamentary form among the enlightened middle class of Hamburg and other commercial cities. In the greater part of Germany even the middle class intellectuals doubted the efficacy of such a scheme of government in a country with so many decentralizing tendencies as Germany. The working classes of Germany have exhibited democratic leanings, but there has always been the greatest vagueness as to the precise form in which those leanings might be realized. The republican constitution now formally in operation did not arise out of impulses native to the German soil, nor take its shape according to characteristically German conceptions. It was knocked together to meet an international emergency. The Germans conceived that some such form of state would serve the purposes of economic rehabilitation after their terrible defeat. The Allied powers and America had made a great parade of their love of democracy, their hatred of autocrats. They might reasonably be expected to treat a republican Germany with some slight show of consideration.

And America would have been disposed to do this, and so would England, after a decent interval for venting indiscriminate hatred. France was not. So far as France is concerned, there was never any sincerity in the concentration of hatred upon the Kaiser and the General Staff. The French hated the German people. There are too many Germans, and too large a proportion of

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them on the dangerous side of the Rhine. During the war the French meant to annex the left bank of the Rhine, and they did not concern themselves especially about what form of government existed in the rest of Germany. The peace treaty denied them the coveted province and gave them instead an irrelevant change in the German political constitution. But by its provisions of an unpayable indemnity and the right of enforcement by military means the treaty placed the French in a position to work toward the later realization of their war aims. That has been the key of French policy ever since. And because their object cannot be obtained without disorders and revolution in Germany, they look complacently on while the disorders are forming. They have to move cautiously, in order to keep up at least a semblance of unity with England, since an open break, with the British aligning themselves with Germany, would mean the final overthrow of France as a great power. But their position under the treaty makes it possible for them to observe caution without losing effectiveness. They have only to stand on the letter of their treaty rights and the German republic will fall and an era of disorder, apt for territorial seizures, will supervene.

The German monarchists are perfectly aware of this situation. There is no hope for Germany, except in resistance, they argue incessantly, and the republic is not a fit form for organized resistance. They need not insist stridently, because there is a large element of truth in what they say, an element of truth perceptible to hosts of Germans who are bitterly opposed to the monarchy, but would rather live under any form of government than die of starvation as they may if no improvement is made in Germany's international status. The Bolsheviks resisted, hoping against hope. And now in spite of the frightful economic breakdown of Russia, they treat on equal terms at the Hague. The Turks resisted the dismemberment of Anatolia. And the outcome was the Angora treaty with France, which gave the Sultanate a new lease of life. The Irish resisted, and have a Free State if not a republic. The Germans, traditionally the fiercest fighting stock in the world, have experimented with non-resistance, and the consequence is humiliation upon humiliation. Of course the French army would cross the Rhine, if the Germans resisted, destroy German cities, decimate the civil population. But the expense would bankrupt France. And sooner or later the British would find themselves forced to call a halt.

That is the argument which is daily dinned into the ears of tens of thousands of Germans. It is disintegrating the foundations of the German republic. The republic will stand for a time, because there are corollaries of horror to the armed resistance scheme which most sensible people shrink to contemplate. It may still be possible to thwart the militarists, check the process of disintegration, and gradually build up a sound life in a peaceful German republic. But that can be done only by a radical change of policy on the part of the conquerors. And unless such a change comes soon it will be too late.

The Next Advance in Public Health

IN a world where the soul sickens with public interests gone perversely amiss there is a curative virtue in the contemplation of a department of human affairs in which progress is continuous and there are no strategic retreats. Such a department is the public health. The great pestilences that once stalked remorselessly through the homes of men, taking toll of every household, extirpating at times whole communities, have been put to rout. They can reappear formidably only where war or famine paralyzes the efforts of physician and scientist. The lesser epidemics are steadily yielding ground, the death rate is receding.

Much has been accomplished, but the draft figures, with their staggering revelation of disability in what ought to be the age period of perfect health indicate how vast is the work that still needs to be done. It is the minor causes of defect operating cumulatively throughout the population that result in the disqualification of a fourth of our young men for military service, and disqualify an even greater proportion, no doubt, for making the most of civil life. Personal hygiene and health education alone can abate this evil. And that implies a general strengthening of our agencies of public health. We need more doctors and better ones, but above all, we need more and better trained nurses. In the nature of the case the doctor's service is sporadic. The doctor necessarily stands somewhat aloof from the individuals he serves; the nurse enters into their lives intimately. There is no need of speculating in a priori terms on the health-missionary possibilities of the nurse's profession. It has already been demonstrated conclusively that where the services of nurses are properly applied incredible gains can be made especially in saving children's lives and giving them their chance to thrive.

The nurse's profession is coming to stand out as one of the most important in our social life. What provision have we for recruiting and training for this profession? Everybody who has thought about

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it at all knows that recruiting does not draw into the profession as large a number of the right kind of candidates as is desirable. He also suspects that the training system is very spotty. He realizes that there is often complaint of an absolute shortage of nurses. More definite impressions he could not have had, because no thorough survey had been made of the problem. In 1919 a conference on public health nursing education was called at the invitation of the Rockefeller Foundation, and as a result, a committee was selected to study the question. The committee, which consisted of social workers, physicians and public health administrators of national eminence, employed Miss Josephine Goldmark to make a study of the whole field. This study will later be published, and will prove of great value to everyone interested in the public health. In the meantime, on the basis of Miss Goldmark's findings the committee has prepared a report and offered recommendations. The practical quality of the recommendations is vouched for by the unanimous agreement of the committee.

The committee finds that nursing, alone among the important professions, conducts its training under what is really the old apprenticeship system. There are no public appropriations or private endowments for the support of nursing education, but hospitals, whose funds are intended exclusively for the care of the sick, have to undertake the training of nurses incidentally. In return for this service they have to look to the work the students can do while they are being trained, just as the master craftsman of old took his reward for training apprentices in the form of apprentice labor. Of course there is instruction in this work, performed up to the point where it is automatic. The necessities of hospital service, however, carry the work of the student nurse far beyond this point. Miss Goldmark estimates that from one-fifth to one-fourth of the time of the student nurse is wasted in non-educational routine.

Perhaps an even graver defect of the system is that instruction under it, as under the old apprenticeship system, is likely to be mediocre, if not altogether unsatisfactory. The instructors are not specialists in education, but busy persons who can give such incidental attention to their teaching as they may have time for. It follows inevitably that in many places the best type of girl is repelled from the profession. The work of Florence Nightingale, in dissociating nursing from menial service, has not been completed. The next step in the public health movement ought to be to complete this dissociation, so that the road may lie open for the best type of young woman to enter the profession. The public needs her services.

The committee insists, therefore, upon adequate endowments for nursing education. It recognizes the need of three grades of nurses, one to correspond with the socalled practical nurse, with a training of nine months, for service in chronic and routine cases; a second, to correspond with the registered nurse, with a training period of twenty-eight months; and a third, to be designated as public health nurse, having the same technical training as the second and an additional eight months of graduate training specially adapted to public health work.

It will be observed that in each case the committee's desire is to raise standards. The brief course of nine months would provide service of a much higher standard than that of the "practical" nurse, who has had as a rule no training at all. The twenty-eight months course may appear at first sight like a relaxation of the present standard of three years. On the contrary it represents a broader and better training. The saving in time is secured through the elimination of useless routine and menial service. The third grade of training is obviously on a much higher plane than any now existing.

We think that the committee's plan will recommend itself to all public spirited citizens. It would provide a form of professional service the need for which is pressing, at a charge, to be sure, but not one that is burdensome. We devote public appropriations and endowments to the maintenance of law schools, engineering schools, business schools, schools of journalism. It is an astonishing thing, when one thinks about it, that nursing should have been regarded as less of a public service than any of these. It can hardly remain so regarded, in a country which has attained to equal suffrage.

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The Child Labor Decision

IS the Supreme Court entitled to define the purposes for which Congress may exercise its taxing powers, and if so, why not of all its powers? These are the fundamental questions raised by the recent decision of the Court in Bailey vs. The Drexel Furniture Company, setting aside Title XII of the Revenue Act of 1921, which purported to levy a special tax amounting to ten per-cent of their net profits on certain classes of concerns employing child labor. The following words of Chief Justice Taft's opinion for the Court indicate the principal grounds of the decision:

> Taxes are imposed in the discretion of the legislature on proper subjects with the primary motive of obtaining revenue from them and with the incidental motive of discouraging them by making their continuance onerous. They do not lose their character as taxes because of the incidental motive. But there comes a time in the extension of the penalizing features of the so-called tax when it loses its character as such and becomes a mere penalty with the characterization of regulation and punishment. Such is the case of the law before us.

One might pause to point out that there is something of a contradiction between an incidental motive of discouraging and a primary motive of raising revenue from the thing discouraged. Passing that by, however, these words reveal clearly the initial difficulty in the way of the decision. In attempting to define the taxing power of Congress by an alleged "primary" purpose the Court is forced to attempt to penetrate Congress's motives in enacting specific tax measures, and furthermore to classify these motives, as it does in this case, into "primary" and "incidental." It had hitherto been supposed that the Court could not do this. Thus in McCray vs. United States (195 U. S.), in which the Congressional tax on yellow oleomargarine was attacked as destructive of the subject matter and, therefore, obviously a measure of regulation rather than of taxation, the Court, speaking through the late Chief Justice, answered:

> It is, however, argued, if a lawful power may be exerted for an unlawful purpose, and thus, by abusing the power, it may be made to accomplish a result not intended by the Constitution, all limitations of power must disappear, and the grave function lodged in the judiciary, to confine all the departments within the authority conferred by the Constitution, will be of no avail. This, when reduced to its last analysis, comes to this: that, because a particular department of the government may exert its lawful powers with the object or motive of reaching an end not justified, therefore, it becomes the duty of the judiciary to restrain the exercise of a lawful power wherever it seems to the judicial mind that such lawful power has been abused. But this reduces itself to the contention that, under our constitutional system, the abuse by one department of the government of its lawful powers, is to be corrected by the abuse of its powers by another department.

Chief Justice Taft would appear to answer that the special levy on the profits of employers of child labor offered a clearer case of abuse of power than did the tax on oleomargarine. But this answer clearly does not touch the main proposition laid down in the McCray case as to the intrinsic limitations on the Court's own power; and, furthermore, its substantial accuracy is open to challenge. The regulatory purpose of the later tax was, Mr. Taft urges, "palpable" and apparent "on the very face of its provisions." But if the regulatory purpose of the oleomargarine tax was not also matter of common knowledge, at least that of the tax on state bank issues which was sustained shortly after the Civil War in the case of Veazie v. Fenno (8 Wall.) was. Indeed, the Court itself took cognizance of it—as Mr. Taft's own references to the case show—yet they sustained the law involved *as a tax,* going at length into the question whether it was a "direct" tax within the meaning of the Constitution and exonerating it from that charge.

But I submit further that a special tax on the profits of concerns employing child labor, viewed simply as a revenue-raising measure, is by no means an extravagance. That special profits accrue to such concerns directly from their occupying a degraded plane of competition is certainly a widely held belief and a well-warranted one; why then should not the government regard such profits as a proper source of revenue? That certain features of the tax on employers of child labor disclosed an expectation in Congress that the tax would have some effect on child labor employment and recognition that this effect ought to be kept in proper channels, may be conceded, but the concession does not vindicate the Court's conclusion as to the "primary motive" of the act. "On the face of it" what the act did was to impose a levy to be collected annually through the Treasury Department and to be measured by profits which were directly attributable, at least in part, to the occasion of the levy. And what is this but to describe an excise?

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It is, therefore, abundantly clear that in undertaking to determine the relative weight of the motives which governed Congress in the enactment of the tax on employers of child labor, the Court essayed a somewhat delicate task, and one, be it emphasized, which it has hitherto declined to attempt. In short, the Court has set up a new canon of Constitutional law, and one which it must experience great difficulty in manipulating. The stigmata of ulterior purpose can be easily avoided in future cases, and the Court will be driven back on its own unaided intuitions. When this happens it will find itself confronted with an embarrassing dilemma: either it must enter more and more upon the hazardous business of legislative psycho-analysis; or repenting of its somewhat hasty claim to greater insight than its predecessors, it must abandon its abortive doctrine. Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

But the question of its enforcibility aside, let us consider for a moment the intrinsic validity of Chief Justice Taft's assertion that "taxes are imposed . . . with the primary motive of raising revenue," viewed as a principle of Constitutional law. The late Professor Maitand once remarked upon "the importance of commonplaces" in determining the content of Constitutions, and Mr. Taft's assertion perhaps illustrates the observation. Nevertheless, it is to be feared that in this case the endeavor of the Court to elevate everyday wisdom into Constitutional law has led it to attribute to popular ideas a precision they are far from possessing. No doubt, it is generally held that the *ordinary* purpose of tax laws is the raising of revenue; but to pass from this fact to the deduction that the *primary* purpose of revenue raising is an invariable ingredient of the idea of "tax" which must be satisfied in every specific instance of taxation is to move somewhat briskly. The American people know something of their legislative history in this respect. They are fully aware that almost every customs revenue act which has been passed since the beginning of the government has enacted whole schedules which were designed not for the purpose of raising revenue at all but for the purpose of excluding goods from the country. And yet are such duties any less "duties"—and so "taxes"—within the sense of the Constitution? If so, why are they subject to the requirement that they be "uniform throughout the United States?"

The peculiar danger, however, of the regulatory feature of the Child Labor tax, Chief Justice Taft further urges, is that it reaches matters not otherwise subject to national power, but falling under the control of the police powers of the states. This type of measure carried far enough, he says, would "completely wipe out the sovereignty of the states." What, however, is "the sovereignty of the states," within the Constitution? Mr. Taft refers only to the tenth amendment, which recognizes certain powers as being reserved to the states, but only on condition of their not having been delegated to the United States; and when they conflict with powers delegated to the United States the latter, by Article VI of the Constitution, have the right of way. It results that the powers of the national government are, generally speaking, to be defined quite indifferently to the existence of other powers in the states with which they may come into conflict in attempting to control the same subject-matter.

This was the view of Madison, uttered in the earliest years of the Constitution: "Interference with the powers of the States," said he, "is no Constitutional criterion of the power of Congress"; it is the view of the Court itself in the Minnesota rate cases (230 U. S.) and the cases following in the wake of these. That it was the view of Chief Justice Marshall needs hardly to be stated; his fundamental canon of Constitutional construction was that, while the national government was one of the enumerated powers, within the field of the powers granted it was a sovereign government.

Nor does the passage which Chief Justice Taft quotes from Marshall's opinion in McCulloch vs. Maryland militate at all against this view: "Should Congress," it runs, "under the pretext of executing its powers, pass laws for the accomplishment of objects not entrusted to the government, it would become the painful duty of this tribunal, should a case requiring such a decision come before it, to say that such an act was not the law of the land." The implication which Chief Justice Taft seemingly would read into these words is that, in respect of the choice of purposes for which it may exercise its powers, the national government is not a sovereign government; that its powers were given it for limited objects, and that the Court must hold it to these objects. Never was a quotation more entirely misapplied. As the words themselves show, Marshall was here speaking not of Congress's substantive powers but of the instrumental powers conferred upon it by the "necessary and proper" clause. Naturally, instrumental powers must be kept instrumental—that is precisely their difference from substantive powers, which are sovereign powers and carry with them sovereign discretion in their use. That Marshall had no idea that the Court might censor the purposes for which the substantive powers of government, and least

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of all the taxing power, might be exercised, is proved by this very case of McCulloch vs. Maryland. The question at issue was whether Maryland had the right to tax the operations of the Bank of the United States. Counsel for the state urged that the state ought to be trusted to exercise its power reasonably and considerately, which argument Marshall answered with his famous maxim, that "the power to tax involves the power to destroy." In other words, concede the state the power to raise revenue from the bank and it would be free to use the same power to drive the bank from the state. It is submitted that this line of reasoning is fatally at variance with the doctrine of Bailey vs. The Drexel Furniture Company.

To sum up: The logic of the decision of this case, overriding previous decisions, makes the Court the supervisor of the purposes for which Congress may exercise its Constitutional powers. It thus cancels out the third dimension, so to speak, of the sovereignty of the national government within the field of its granted powers. At one stroke a new canon of constitutional interpretation is created and an out-of-date one revived: legislative motive becomes a test of legislative action; and any effort on the part of Congress to bring within its control matters heretofore falling to the states alone, raises the question of valid motive. The notion of the cooperation of the national government and the states in the furtherance of the general welfare, which was voiced a few years ago in Hoke vs. United States (227 U. S.) has apparently dropped out of view. The one thing to be said for the new doctrine is that it will probably prove so unworkable in practice that it will not long survive.

Meantime we may fairly retort upon the Court the question which it has put Congress: What was its "primary" motive? It is only a surmise, of course, but perhaps not too wild a one, that the Court has been influenced by the talk of a breakdown of local self-government within recent years, and especially in consequence of national prohibition. The reflection is prompted that if the Court will cast its eye back over the last thirty years, it will have reason to conclude that it must itself shoulder some of the responsibility or credit for national prohibition, since it was another happy idea which, overruling the precedents of half a century, in the case of Leisy vs. Hardin (135 U.S.), started the agitation which culminated in the eighteenth amendment. Judicial adventures in saving the country have not always worked out quite as they were planned to.

But a more important lesson, too, is suggested by this decision and the broadening discussion affecting the whole doctrine of judicial review to which it has given rise. The Supreme Court is, first of all, a court of justice and justice is a matter which touches individuals much more immediately than it does governments. The Constitution contains many provisions designed to safeguard individual justice—for instance, those of the fifth and sixth amendments, and those of the first section of the fourteenth amendment—and the enforcement of these provisions the individual is entitled to claim directly from the Court. Of other provisions and principles of the Constitution, however, and especially of those which are designed to distribute power within the structure of government erected by the Constitution, the individual is only the indirect beneficiary. Yet even within this field the Court has a clear mandate from the Constitution to intervene to secure the supremacy of the Constitution itself and of the national laws, against conflicting state legislation. On the other hand, when we view the question of judicial review from the side of national power, a different principle is recognized both in the Federalist and in Marshall's decisions. This, in the words of the latter, was that "the wisdom and discretion of Congress, their identity with the people, and the influence which their constituents possess at election" were "the sole restraints" upon which the people had relied to secure them from abuse of its powers by the national government. "They are," he adds, "the restraints on which the people must often rely solely. in all representative governments." Surely these words are still applicable. In the light of them, Bailey vs. the Drexel Furniture Company must be written down as a piece of grandmotherly meddling, certainly wrong in principle, even though it do not prove actually mischievous in the final result.

EDWARD S. CORWIN.

Ego

What though the world rolls round for untold years,
While seas, through aeons, toss their sands ashore,
Tracing old tales of time on ocean's floor,
Sifting more salt than dries in all our tears?
What though the winds the tallest pine tree hears
Still sing the songs they sang long time before,
Winding through stars a million years or more,
As whirling mist on meadows clouds and clears?
What comfort lies in this for heart and will?
I cannot live their length—fragile my prime,
Brief is my noon—so let the long lived hill
Endure the storms; its grass and snow are one.
Oh, let my days, that fill my short lifetime,
Be clovery sweet and bright beneath the sun!

ELISABETH WILKINS THOMAS.

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Thomas Garrigue Masaryk*

TO the name of Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, founder and first President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, attaches one of the most amazing achievements of practical statesmanship in all ages. A fugitive from Austrian "justice" in 1914, he carried against tremendous odds his campaign for the disruption of the Hapsburg empire and the liberation of the Czecho-Slovak people to a triumphant climax by October, 1918. Today he stands out, head of the most democratic and progressive of the Succession States, as the greatest champion of international sanity, of racial reconciliation, of economic reconstruction and social progress on the continent. Yet his brilliant record as a politician is merely incidental to his true greatness. He is the leader of his people not in a political, but in a moral and religious sense.

He spent his life in fighting official Christianity —stereotyped Protestantism as well as Popery. The conventionally religious regard him as the Anti-Christ, the incarnation of rationalism and freethinking. The truth is that Masaryk is perhaps the one real Christian among the practical leaders of contemporary Europe—the one statesman who not only bases his working code on Christian ethics, but who also translates that code into everyday practice.

In one of his writings he asks: "Has there ever been a better, more exalted, more divine life than that of Christ?" And he answers with Rousseau: "If Socrates suffered and died like a philosopher, Christ suffered and died like a God." In the next sentence he gives the clue of his religion. "Christ's whole life is Truth. God's Son is the highest simplicity; he shows purity and sanctity in the true sense of the word. Nothing external attaches to him and his life, no formalism, no ritualism; everything comes from the inner being, everything is thoroughly true, thoroughly beautiful, thoroughly good." Masaryk's life is devoted to the quest of truth as the highest simplicity, the disentangling of the substantial living thing, of reality, from the maze of the external, the incidental; his battle is against that formalism which stifles the essence of life. He calls himself a Realist. The political party which he founded and which ultimately achieved the liberation of his country was called the Realist party—the party seeking the salvation of the nation through recognition and moulding of realities rather than in glamorous dreams of past and future.

Almost every person carries in his soul the image of some event or other, rising in an uncanny clarity from the mist of childhood's half-memories —a central impression, a kernel around which later experience crystallizes, something that gives color and direction to his whole life. Sometimes it is what Freudians call a complex; but it is not necessarily pathological; sometimes it is a trifling detail that acquires a disproportionate, and to other people often unintelligible, emotional emphasis without being of a traumatic character. Masaryk tells of two such epochal occurrences in his childhood. His father was a gamekeeper on one of the imperial estates in Moravia, and they were very poor. Once in a year the emperor came down with a retinue of nobles and generals and diplomatists, to shoot hares, partridges and pheasants. The company deposited their resplendent cloaks and fur-lined overcoats in the cottage of the Masaryks; and the whole neighborhood, poor peasants all of them, foregathered while the shoot was on, to behold and admire those fabulous garments, every one of which represented an unattainable fortune. Little Thomas alone refused to look at the display. "I did not like to see those things," the President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic once said of this experience of the cottager's boy. "I felt there was something radically wrong. Just what was not clear to me. But such a hate I had! That hatred lasted till today."

The other career-shaping episode happened when he was fifteen. Being barely able to read and write, he was, at the urging of his parents, about to take employment with the village blacksmith. But he disliked the idea. It was not interesting; he yearned to see the world, for knowledge, for adventure. So he packed his little bundle, went to Vienna and became apprenticed to a locksmith. He stood on the threshold of his dreams. He was in the imperial capital; the wide world lay around him; and the trade of locksmiths—how it attracted him! Locksmiths were magicians—they opened doors forbidden to others, doors behind which were stored he did not know what treasures of knowledge—locksmiths solved mysteries wrought in steel and iron. His fancy was aflame. Then came the disappointment. Instead of being initiated into the wizardry of locks he was put by his master to operate a machine of

* This article is one of a series of contemporary portraits to be published in book form under the title Eminent Europeans by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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some sort or another—operate it day and night, twelve, fourteen, sometimes sixteen hours at a stretch. It was one single movement repeated thousands and thousands of times, turning out some minor piece of hardware. At the age of fifteen Masaryk got an object-lesson in modern industrialism which he never could forget, as little as that earlier one in the difference between rich and poor.

Hatred of injustice and hatred of the machine, the soullessness and inhumanity of it, became Masaryk's dominant passion, the pivot around which his Weltanschauung turned. Later in life he fought the Hapsburgs and the Germans because they represented injustice. He fought the Roman church and official Protestantism because he saw in them the incarnation of the machine, the lifeless thing that demands living sacrifice. He fought capitalism because capitalism was the tyranny of the industrial machine; but he also fought Marxian socialism because it proposed to substitute for the injustice of capitalism a justice that also was of the machine, a deadly symmetry that would crush the soul of man. And the quest of his life, the quest of reality, is nothing but the supreme form which his hatred of injustice and of the machine has taken; for he holds that through the recognition of reality, and reality alone, can man free himself from bondage.

The locksmith's apprentice fled from Vienna to his parents' cottage, to the gloomy existence of the village failure. But fate watched over young Masaryk. With the aid of a benevolent priest who perceived the spark that glowed in him he succeeded in acquiring an education. He studied at Prague and at Vienna, later in the University of Leipsic; and, still a young man, he was appointed Professor in the University of Prague.

It is characteristic that the first act which concentrated public attention upon the personality of the future founder of Czecho-Slovak independence was what most people regarded as an attack on Czech patriotism. Mournful over the tragedy that for three centuries had weighed upon the nation, the Czech scholars and poets turned for relief to memories of its glorious past. Greatest among these was the so-called Manuscript of Königinhof, the charter of Bohemia's historic grandeur. Masaryk turned the spotlight of his scholarship on this treasure of national lore, and exposed it as a forgery. All Bohemia was incensed; he was denounced as a traitor, a blasphemer and a German agent. Masaryk stood the fire without wincing. He took the offensive, and ridiculed those who thought it necessary to bolster up Bohemian greatness with unhistoric lies. "A nation that is not founded on truth does not deserve to survive," he said. From that time onward Masaryk never ceased to pour scorn on romantic nationalism and to preach a realistic conception of national needs and duties. He contrasted patriotism, the living substance, with patrioteering, a mere ritual and empty formalism.

He exhibited the same strain of civic courage, the same contempt for the popular prejudice, the same love for truth as carried him through the Königinhof affair, in the celebrated case of Hilsner, the Jew accused of ritual murder. Everybody in Bohemia believed the charge; all clamored for Hilsner's head. Masaryk alone stood up for the Jew, and proved the accusation of ritual murder absurd in general and Hilsner innocent in particular. This cost him a good deal of his popularity, and one day, when he entered his class, he was received with hooting and catcalls. He faced the turmoil for a moment, then stepped to the blackboard and wrote one word on it—"Work." Silence fell, and Masaryk addressed the students. "Don't drink, don't gamble, don't loaf, but work—that's what the Jew is doing and you have to do it, too, if you want to beat him." Thereupon he proceeded with his lecture.

Never again was he disturbed. When he related this story to me, he added, with his peculiar self-conscious, deprecatory smile, as if forestalling praise: "God knows, I don't like Jews." He meant to imply that he, too, had his prejudices, that he was no better than the rest; it never occurred to him that his very dislike made his attitude all the more admirable.

After all, it was as it should be that the man who restored the Czech nation was not a soldier nor a politician, but a moralist and a philosopher. Nations are known by the heroes they honor; and the greatest and most revered character in Czech history is not a general nor a statesman, but a thinker and a martyr, Jan Hus, the reformer treacherously burnt at the stake, despite the safe-conduct of the Emperor Sigismund, at the Council of Constance, in 1415. His personality stamped forever all that is best in Czech character; and the greatest tribute ever paid to Masaryk was the saying that he was a lineal descendant and re-incarnation of Jan Hus.

The martyrdom of Hus is the climax of Czech history; it was a moral victory as great as the annihilation of the Armada was for England. For Masaryk the Reformation, which in Bohemia assumed the form of Hus's teachings, stands out as the greatest event not only in Czech history, but also in the history of the world. Religion is uppermost in his mind; but religion to him means Reformation. But the Reformation, as he con-

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ceives it, is not a definite and finite fact of the sixteenth century. It continues to this very moment. He writes:

> History is often called a teacher and a judge. It is, above all, an obligation. The significance of our reformation stamps our entire national being. Every conscious son of the Czech people finds in the story of our reformation his own ideal. Every son of the Czech people who knows Czech history must decide either for Reformation or for Counter-Reformation, either for the Czech idea or for the Austrian idea . . . Like all genuine reformation, that of our country is still incomplete. Reformation means an incessant re-forming, uninterrupted renewal, a striving for heights, a constant process of perfection; it means growth.

Masaryk's part in the spiritual growth of the Bohemian people has been compared with that of Tolstoy in the evolution of Young Russia. In drawing this analogy, however, one should bear in mind the fundamental difference that separates the two thinkers, a difference that is not merely individual, but also national. It is the difference that defines Russia from the rest of Europe, that is dwelt upon by Masaryk himself in his monumental work on the spirit of Russia, the greatest, perhaps, written on the subject by a non-Russian. It is the difference between the individualistic, activistic West, growing from a subsoil of Roman civilization, Roman law, Roman religion, and the communistic-anarchistic, passive, contemplative East, heir of the Byzantine tradition.

The central concept of Masaryk's religion is the idea of humanity, of universal brotherhood. "Brotherhood was the name and also the ideal of our national Church, the Church of the Bohemian Brethren. The idea of humanity is the fundament of our reformation." There was a Czech philosopher in the fifteenth century, Peter Chelcicky, who preached the idea of humanity. But Chelcicky's humanitarian ideal implied the doctrine of non-resistance; he held that the use of force was evil under any circumstances, even in self-defence. Masaryk tells of the astonishment of Tolstoy when he discovered that his own ideas had been formulated by Chelcicky four hundred years ago. Masaryk's idea of humanity and humanitarianism is different. He defines it as "a fight, everywhere, always and by every means, against evil." His is a religion of action. "Humanity is not sentimentalism—it is just work, and work again."

That utmost tolerance is part of Masaryk's religion need not be pointed out. During the war, when he went about in the world exhorting to battle to the bitter end against German autocracy, he never failed to emphasize that he bears no rancor against the German people. He adopts Hus's saying, "I love a good German better than a bad Czech." In this, again, he is thoroughly Christian—for true Christianity combines eternal hatred for sin with forgiveness for the sinner. At a mass meeting in Cleveland he indicted Magyar tyranny in a flaming speech whose burden was, Delenda est Hungaria. At the end of the meeting he said to me: "Don't think that I hate your people. It is my hope and my conviction that we and the Magyars will be friends yet, and that before long." As President of the Republic he applies the Golden Rule to the complicated racial problems of the country.

Masaryk carries this tolerance into minute details of everyday relationships. A lifelong total abstainer, he disbelieves in enforced prohibition. This latitudinarian attitude of his greatly shocks his wife. Mrs. Masaryk is an American—and one with a New England conscience. One of her sorrows is that her husband, as President of the Republic, is obliged to keep a wine cellar for state functions. She is also very much perturbed over the cigarette ashes that remain after a cabinet council in the sacred precincts of her husband's study.

Which reminds me of a story Masaryk once told about Tolstoy. They were great friends, and many years ago Masaryk visited him at Yasnaya Polyana. It was in the early days of Tolstoy's resolution to live the life of a peasant. He was an inveterate smoker. One day Masaryk said to him: "You have undertaken to live as a peasant—it surprises me that you indulge in an expensive habit which peasants cannot afford." Tolstoy said he had never thought of that before. He put away his tobacco and never used it again.

Masaryk is extremely devoted to his American wife whom he met when, back in the seventies, both were students in Leipsic. Their romance began like so many others—they read together. Once he was asked what they had read. He thought for a moment and said: "Well, it was Buckle's History of Civilization"—he smiled, bashfully,—"you know how those things are." Shades of Paolo and Francesca!

One of the most liberal and humane of men, Masaryk has his blank spots, too. I remember with what amazement I heard him expound his views on monogamy. He considers monogamy as one of the basic institutions of our civilization. Good. But he carries his conviction to the length, not only of utterly repudiating divorce, but of maintaining that monogamy should not be merely "simultaneous," but also "consecutive"—that for a widower or widow to marry is immoral! This, I thought afterwards, was, of course, the view of

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a man who wooed his bride, not over sinful stories of the flesh like Launcelot and Guinevere, but over Buckle's chaste and pompous work.

Yet he would be gravely mistaken who concluded from this that Masaryk is altogether too good to be human, a mere doctrinaire puritan, a slightly overdrawn Hussite saint. There is nothing that visualizes for me the spirit of the man more adequately than the story told to me by a friend of mine, an American scholar who knows Bohemia well. He visited Masaryk at Prague in the summer of 1920. One day they were sitting in the library of the Hradcany, the proud ancient castle of Roman emperors and Bohemian kings, now the presidential palace. Masaryk pointed to the side of the room lined with books on philosophy, and said: "When I was young and stupid I read those books to find out truth, but now I read novels which more exactly interpret the real things, the struggle of man for reality." One of his students tells me that in a course of Practical Philosophy they used for text-book Dostoevky's Brothers Karamazov.

EUGENE S. BAGGER.

Sent Ashore

The United States Shipping Board has more than 700 steel ships, of more than 3,500,000 deadweight tons, idle.—*News item.*

CAPTAIN McROBERTS has come back to Our Village, in Maine, where he was born and grew up. The Captain has been afloat thirty years, and is only fifty-six now—a smallish man, smooth-shaven and quiet, with a tanned face but not a whit more so than the average golfing New York banker. For twenty-three years he has been master of his vessel, and has never lost a ship. He has handled sail, too, though naturally, most of his experience has been in steam—tramps down South America way, out to China—oh! everywhere you can mention, or find with a pin in the atlas. He was married for awhile, but his wife died. Our village never saw her—she was English, and lived outside Liverpool while her husband went up and down the world. She made voyages with him, perhaps—Captain McRoberts doesn't say, and Maine folks are not inquisitive. Not with each other, that is; though these summer people are sometimes so very outlandish that we gossip about them, in a thoughtful, ruminative sort of way.

And now here's the Cap'n come home again, silent but rather embarrassed about it, one would say. He turned up in April with $685 and the clothes he stood in. His ship has been laid off her run (the West Wind, fruit and miscellaneous cargo, Panama and the West Indies). He's been let out—sent ashore—and the West Wind is now one of sixty tied nose by nose in squads of five, up the Hudson somewhere.

Cap'n McRoberts tried to get another ship, of course. He was in New York six or seven weeks trying it. He told George Kargill, who runs more lobster pots than anybody, (and keeps summer boarders too, of course) that it was terrible. "Streets was just black with 'em," he said. "Masters looking for a berth as mate. Mates who'd sign on as A. B.'s if they could get a chance—but couldn't get it. A. B.'s standing around in front of them employment offices, like cattle. It doesn't take 'em long to give up all hope of gettin' to sea, and then they try for a job ashore. Any job."

George reports that the Cap'n says it don't seem possible that only about four years ago, the government was trying its beatingest to find men to learn navigation and go to sea. "They had schools all around, then," the Cap'n says. "Telling 'em on land how to run a ship at sea. What's become of all the graduates?"

Cap'n McRoberts got a room and board with Mrs. Douglas whose husband went with a Gloucester boat up to the Banks four or five years ago and was lost with his dory in a quick fog. For a week or two he sat, evenings, with the men in the store. Then we suddenly heard that he'd gone up the river to Wixhasset and bought the Mary N.

The Mary N. is a sloop, with the enormous displacement of maybe eight and a half tons gross. She's about as old as the cliffs on Monhegan, and the Cap'n bought her with half of his money. He told us about it next evening when he came into the store. "Going to take the summer boarders out sailin'," said Cap'n McRoberts, sitting up very straight with that sort of military air of his, and looking hard at the stove.

Well, why not? Somebody has to take the summer people out. It's an honest way to earn your living, and it's hard enough, too, with the women getting good and sick whenever it's rough, and the boys wanting to stand out on deck forward of the mast where the jib sheets can throw them overboard when you come about. Cap'n McRoberts sailed nearly every day all summer when it wasn't too stormy, and he did pretty well at it, fifty cents apiece or eight dollars by the party. But he lost some money from those who walked off and forgot to pay him. He just didn't seem to have the heart to ask them for it.

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The funny thing about it is that Cap'n McRoberts doesn't sail the Mary N. very well. When he's coming up to the wharf, he heads up into the wind too soon, and she loses her way and stops short. Seems as if he keeps thinking she's a good deal heavier than she is. And he doesn't like sailing close inshore among the rocks, which appeals to the summer boarders as per-fect-ly thrilling. He's always edging off.

Does Cap'n McRoberts think it is rather hard, being put ashore, through no fault of his own, after thirty-eight years at sea? If he does, he won't say so.

"There's a lot that are worse off than me," he said. "I was lucky to have enough saved up to buy the Mary N. 'Course, I don't like it. I've been master of my own vessel too long to want anything else. There's fifteen years' good service —well, ten, anyhow—in me yet, if I could get a ship. But there you are!" When the suggestion was made that maybe the government ought to operate its own fleet, and that more ships could be kept at sea that way, he shook his head. He thinks the government ought to set buoys and build lights and leave owning ships to those that know how, that are in the business.

If he hears that things are picking up, he'll go down to New York and see if he can get a berth. If he can't, he'll go on sailing the Mary N., and he guesses he's not too old to set a few lobster traps. After all, he's a Yankee. Yankees generally can light on their feet, and they don't cry over spilt milk, either.

I have only one fear for the Cap'n. I fear that some fatuous youth from New York will try to tip him. . . . Or would he pocket it with a "Thank you," as being part of his new role?

BRUCE BLIVEN.

An American Transportation System

IV. Waterways

IN Holland one sees a man trudging along a canal tow-path pulling a barge with a cargo equal to the contents of several railroad cars. It is a scientific fact that man-power, or horse-power, can drag or propel through water about five times the weight which it can move on rails, even level rails. That is, water transportation is fundamentally cheaper than rail transportation. A nation which does not make the fullest possible use of its coastwise and its navigable inland waterways lacks one of the essentials of a transportation system.

Not many years ago New York State completed the Barge Canal from Buffalo to the Hudson, at a cost of over $160,000,000. It replaced the old Erie Canal, too small to meet the competition of modern railroads. New York State determined to restore that all-water connection with the Middle West which had made New York the first of ports and the metropolis of this continent.

It would be a bold man who would say with certainty that the Barge Canal venture is or ever will be a successful one. It transports only a small percentage of the traffic it was built to handle from Buffalo to New York. Past its quiet waters, never more than a few miles away, rush the giant railroad trains that carry the grain and grain products which the Barge Canal, so it was promised, would move at rates no railroad could meet. The railroads, as if the Barge Canal were not in existence, have in recent years repeatedly advanced their so-called ex-Lake rates, applying on grain off the Lakes destined to the seaboard. Either we wasted $160,000,000 building that Canal or we are mishandling a magnificent waterway. We certainly are.

There are said to be in the Mississippi system 2,500 miles of waterway capable of being navigated by vessels of 6-foot draft. There is in any case a minimum depth of nine feet for a thousand miles from New Orleans to St. Louis. It is an incomparable north-south transportation artery, capable of becoming a traffic watershed for the entire Mississippi Valley. Yet transportation on the Mississippi River is dead, save for purely local lines and save for the artificial United States government service established during the war and still subsidized by the Treasury into a sort of life. Apart from these government barges, one sees on the Mississippi only lumber rafts and coal scows floating down stream, and some steam-boats of Civil War vintage tottering a few miles along the river and home agan.

Something is wrong with our water transportation system. The weakness of inland waterways is that, left to themselves, they are dependent upon port-to-port traffic; that is, freight moving to and from points on the waterway. Such traffic is insufficient to support a frequent service by large water carriers. The water carriers must be large

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to be economical, and the water service must be frequent in order to win traffic away from the railroads. Rarely does a waterway have tributaries that are of any use to it in bringing it traffic; the tributaries are too small to carry craft that can underbid rail rates and yet operate at a commercial profit. A river like the Mississippi is comparable with a trunk line railroad without branch lines. Such a railroad would be short lived. A great railroad system consists of a trunk and a net-work of feeders which reach out and drain every hamlet of the roads' territory until the rivulets of traffic poured in at the trunk line junction points unite into a mighty stream.

The boat or barge, however, can reach only points on the waterway. Feeder service, if performed at all, must be performed by the railroads. River ports must arise analogous to the junction points of the trunk line, and these ports must be funnels through which the railroads pour traffic into the boats and at which they receive traffic from the boats for distribution.

There is no use in saying that this sort of cooperation between rail and inland water lines cannot exist. It has existed elsewhere in precisely the form that we want here. Before the war the German waterways, primarily the Rhine and the Elbe, were carrying a large percentage of Germany's exports and imports, to the commercial advantage of the Empire and the relief of the overburdened railroads. Those waterways were parts of a national transportation system.

If the Rhine were the Mississippi, the Memphis water front would be a port transshipping between boat lines and points in Tennessee, Kentucky and Arkansas. St. Louis and Cairo would concentrate the export business of the Middle West and the Northwest, and hand it over to water lines running to New Orleans. Until a year ago the desolate levees of these Mississippi ports were bare of anything that could suggest port equipment. Today makeshift transshipment facilities in a few of the ports are being created in connection with the government's subsidized Mississippi Barge Line. This line, in connection with its partner service on the Black Warrior River in Alabama, has already shown a deficit of one million dollars in operating costs, to say nothing of never paying any interest on the investment in equipment or terminals. The line is an unhealthy, unnatural growth which has made no alteration in the conditions that make it impossible for the commercial use of the Mississippi. All but a small percentage of the Barge Line's business consists of traffic between points on the Mississippi itself.

For a railroad to feed traffic to a Mississippi line means for the railroad to short-haul itself, to carry traffic to a near-by water point and there hand it over to another carrier, along with the major part of the revenue to be earned from the shipment. The Southern, the Mobile & Ohio, the Louisville and Nashville, the Missouri Pacific, the Frisco, all run to New Orleans. They built those through lines to use. They will cut to any level their rates to New Orleans on traffic for which the river competes. The law allows them to cut such rates and maintain their charges in other directions; for example, to and from river ports. The roads which do not get to New Orleans have through routes in connection with roads which do get there, and pursue the same rate policy. The railroads, with high rates to the river ports and low rates parallel to the river, can earn the bare cost of operation on that parallel traffic, and make their profits on non-competitive business. They wield the power which many a trust wielded in the old days, the power to drop prices to kill a local rival, while holding up prices where there was no competition.

By statutory and common law this practice of the carriers to defend themselves from water competition has been interpreted as being a constitutional right. To a limited degree, the Federal Barge Line, with all the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission behind it, has been able to enforce rate cooperation from the carriers, though it by no means opens to the Mississippi the interior traffic it needs. Even if it were legally possible to make this partial cooperation complete, it would not solve the Mississippi's problem. The rail carriers, by their control of service to and from the river ports, by the influence of their soliciting forces, by their power to reduce rail rates to meet water competition, can still kill river transportation.

The German state-owned lines could afford to stand the loss occasioned by short-hauling themselves; the state made it up in higher taxes, collected from industries made more prosperous by the lower freight rates effected by cooperation between rail and Rhine. Private American lines have no such off-set; they prosper by transportation or not at all. The German roads had no rates designed to keep traffic off the rivers. They had no solicitors. Freight solicitation was only by forwarding companies, which also owned the river lines. So the force of solicitation was there directed, not against the river lines, but in their favor and against the rail lines.

Experience has taught us in this country that we cannot force privately owned railroads to cooperate with waterways. That cooperation will

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occur only if we can effect a mutuality of interests between the two. That will be when the rail carriers own barges and steamer lines on the water. Then it will be worth while for the Southern, the Illinois Central and all the other enemies of Mississippi transportation to short-haul themselves and dump their freight into river barges for New Orleans. Wherever rail-and-river transportation can be effected at less operating cost than all-rail, the carriers will use the river. They will of their own accord construct in a dozen Mississippi cities the port facilities best disposed to meet the needs of the specific traffic that can use the river. They will provide floating equipment for the river as far ahead of the old stern-wheel boats as their cars and engines are ahead of the Civil War rolling stock.

Railroads that do not now get south of St. Louis, like the Burlington, could extend themselves into New Orleans by boat line. That would be nothing novel. The Southern Pacific thus extends itself to New York by its Atlantic Steamship Lines from Galveston and New Orleans. Thus the Central Railroad of Georgia, whose rails terminate at Savannah, reaches New York and Boston by the Ocean Steamship Co. of Savannah. Such railroad water lines on the Mississippi need not stop at New Orleans. On the Rhine there was a so-called Rhine-Sea service, small ocean-going steamers operating from Cologne and Lower Rhine ports to London, Hamburg, the Baltic and the Mediterranean. The Rhine had a low water depth of ten feet for two hundred miles up to Cologne. The Mississippi has a low water depth of nine feet for one thousand miles into St. Louis. The American counterpart of these Rhine-Sea services would be steamers operating from St. Louis and lower Mississippi ports to the West Indies and the Caribbean. Such routes would properly be the subject of cooperative lines supported by all railroads touching the Mississippi.

This opening of the waterways to rail lines would throw their rail soliciting forces into the service of water carriers. Every railroad agent would become a water line agent as well. It is no accident that the most efficient coastwise lines in the country are railroad-owned. The railroads can control the traffic to fill their boats. Their water lines have thrived while most of their independent rivals languished. The independent, confined largely to port-to-port traffic, died of malnutrition.

Yes, but what of "water competition"? There is none on our inland waterways today. Railroad lines on waterways will create it. It will be the only sort of competition endurable in transportation: the competition of a choice of services with differential (lower) rates via the cheaper routes. Full barges can carry cheaper than half-full. The railroads can fill the barges; experience has demonstrated that no one else can. We can make the roads give us lower rates for all-water and rail-and-water transportation, lower in proportion to the lower cost. The Interstate Commerce Commission has power even over the all-water rates of rail-owned boat lines.

Our policy has been to discourage and dissolve this joint operation of rail and water lines which is the only salvation of the water carriers. The 1912 Panama Canal act carried a rider ordering every rail carrier to divest itself of controlled water lines save in cases where their ownership did not reduce competition on the water and where the Interstate Commerce Commission specifically authorized the continuance of that ownership. Many such divorces were forced; many other relationships, such as the New Haven and its Sound lines, barely escaped with their lives. The Interstate Commerce Commission, which was obligated by law to make these dissolutions, has asked for a repeal of the law. In every case where dissolution has been ordered, the results have been unfortunate. In a typical instance, Baltimore pursuaded the I. C. C. to order the Pennsylvania to divest itself of its network of Chesapeake Bay and river line centring at Baltimore. The Pennsylvania prepared to comply, but no purchaser could be found. Baltimore, hat in hand, went to the Pennsylvania and the I. C. C. and begged that the relationship be continued. The rail lines, except the Grand Trunk, were forced to give up their lines on the Great Lakes. Many of their boats were brought to the seaports and sold; others were bought up by the Great Lakes Transit Company, which restricted the rate privileges formerly applying to the Lake Lines and finally withdrew the chief Lake service: between Buffalo, Milwaukee and Chicago.

We cannot have an American transportation system and yet forbid the union of the component parts of that system. Repeal the provisions of the Panama Canal act which forbid the railroad ownership of water lines. Encourage such ownership and its development. That policy will restore boats to the Great Lakes. It will revive the dead Mississippi. It is the chance to put adequate water service on the Barge Canal. There is nothing new in the idea of railroads barging freight to New York. Every road terminating in New York uses a barge to make delivery of all carload freight there interchanged with water carriers. It likewise uses barges to deliver and

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collect a large proportion of its local freight in the Greater New York district. If this traffic is to be floated, why not float it from Albany, or Buffalo, or Chicago?

Our railroad plant is probably ten years behind the normal demands of the country; just how far behind we shall discover when business resumes. There is no way of expanding that plant quite so simple and economical as to supplement it with our waterways. Opening the Barge Canal and the Lakes to railroad-owned water lines will be like offering them each an additional right-of-way, fully equipped, to the Middle West. They need purchase only floating stock and terminals.

By successive extensions of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission and other government and state bodies we have taken such complete control over railroad rates, services and wages that the carriers may be considered as nationalized except as to operation and financial responsibility. They are our servants today. The full measure of service from them, from an American Transportation System, awaits the coordination of all our transport facilities, not omitting the inland and coastwise water routes supplied to us free by nature and cheapest of all to operate.

EDWIN J. CLAPP.

CORRESPONDENCE

Hazards in American Potteries

SIR: In a recent number of The New Republic an editorial note questions why Americans should be forced, by the imposition of a tariff on pottery, to buy American ware when the English is much more beautiful. There is another and perhaps more cogent reason why Americans should prefer English pottery. The potteries of North Staffordshire are models of factory sanitation and English pottery workers are surrounded by every possible safeguard against the great danger of their trade, lead poisoning, while American pottery workers lack such safeguards almost completely. When hearings on the tariff were being held during Wilson's first administration I laid before Senator Underwood evidence gathered during an investigation of the potteries of New Jersey and Ohio in 1911, which showed that the imposition of a tariff on pottery had not resulted in making the conditions under which American potters worked superior to those in Europe, on the contrary our potteries were far inferior to those of England and Germany. As a consequence, the rate of lead poisoning among American potters in 1911 was at least 7.5 per hundred employed in the organized district, and 27 per hundred in the non-union district, while the English rate for the previous year was a little over one per hundred. Nor could the tariff makers even claim credit for a high wage scale, since the unorganized potters of the Zanesville district and the tile makers all over the country were paid low wages, and only in those districts where the National Brotherhood of Operative Potters holds sway, was a high wage scale found. As to the wages paid at the present time in these two fields I have no information, but that conditions in the potteries and lead poisoning among potters are now practically as bad as they were ten years ago is shown by a report just issued by the U. S. Public Health Service (Bulletin 116, May, 1921). The rate of lead poisoning discovered by these investigators, whose methods were much more thorough than mine could be, is no less than 13.5 per hundred employed and in eight potteries it runs up to 34 per hundred. For comparable English statistics we must take those of 1913, the last year for which a full report has been published. That year there were but 62 cases among 7,085 employed, making a rate of 0.9 per hundred, and it seems probable that even this excellent record has been improved in recent years, for in 1919 there were only 21 cases, but the number employed is not given, so one cannot be sure.

The greater danger in American potteries is due to the composition of the glaze and to the neglect of precautions. The English manufacturer, if he uses as much as five percent of soluble lead in his glaze, comes under special rules which are expensive and onerous and therefore he has a strong inducement to keep down the quantity of lead. Moreover, there is in England a great demand for leadless glaze because the public is alive to the dangers in this industry and a conscientious Englishwoman prides herself on buying only leadless ware. There was no leadless glaze found in the 92 potteries investigated by the Public Health Service. Of 107 samples of glaze analyzed by them 74 contained from 10 percent to 20 percent of soluble lead and eleven contained from 20 percent to 50 percent. Yet American manufacturers using these glazes, rich in lead, have adopted practically none of the methods to protect their employees from the dangerous glaze dust that are required of English employers.

I visited the potteries of North Staffordshire in 1911, selecting those that were working under the special rules, and found them models of cleanliness. The glaze rooms are constructed so as to allow a perfect cleaning, and they are kept clean, the walls, of smooth impermeable plaster or tiles, and the sloping tiled floors being flushed with a hose every evening. No dry glaze falls anywhere except into water. Workers, men and women, wear full suits of washable material, provided, mended and laundered by the employer. Lunch is eaten only in a special room and not till after working clothes have been removed and hands and face washed. Medical examination is made once a month of all those exposed to lead and a worker found with symptoms of lead poisoning is at once suspended from lead work.

In our potteries the glaze is scattered about recklessly, the excess glaze is scraped off to fall anywhere, the wooden floors are often swept dry during working hours, and in consequence the investigators found an excessive quantity of dust in the air of the glaze rooms and the dust collected contained from 10 percent soluble lead up to more than 50 percent. No employer furnishes working clothes, and not one of the 92 potteries has a separate, modern wash room. In many plants the workers wash in a trough of water used for washing the ware and the ware boards, but as the glaze which settles in these troughs is collected for further use, they are not allowed to wash with soap, for that would spoil the glaze. The employer does not consider himself responsible for the lunch hour and about one half of the potters examined were in the habit of eating in the glaze rooms. No pottery has the services of a physician and no effort is made to instruct the workers in the proper precautions against lead poisoning.

So long as American pottery is manufactured under conditions like these, at the cost of so much needless sickness among the workers, many of us will be unwilling to buy it and I think we have a right to protest against the imposition of a tax designed to compel us to do so.

ALICE HAMILTON.

Boston.

The A. R. A. in Russia

SIR: There are only three Americans in the International Labor Office. It does not seem fair, therefore, that they only should share the appreciation of the work of the American Relief Administration in Russia which is contained in the paragraph below taken from a letter of a Russian woman doing relief work in Petrograd to a friend in the International Labor

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Office. I am sure all Americans who read this paragraph will appreciate it

> The A. R. A. is working at top speed. . . . It has identified itself with Russia to such an extent that you can hardly imagine how the latter will exist when A. R. A. is no longer there to help it going. Its name is on everybody's lips, because there are very few people who have not benefitted by its relief in some way or other, but it is rarely, if ever, mentioned in the newspapers. I daresay some people do not care for it to be known that America is doing such a lot for us. I call it a shame, but it can't be helped. The gratitude we feel is not the less because of the fact that it is a silent gratitude. If you happen to see any Americans, tell them their work is immensely appreciated here by those who can realize its magnitude and its perfect disinterestedness, and if they cannot give an adequate expression to their feelings it is not through any fault of their own.

L. MAGNUSSON.

International Labor Office,
Geneva.

Insanity and Divorce

SIR: In your issue of June 21st, 1922, a correspondent discusses insanity as a ground for divorce, and calls attention to the fact that there are only three states in this country where divorces are granted on the ground of incurable insanity, namely: Idaho, Utah and Washington.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania, in 1905, passed the following Act (Laws of Pennsylvania, 1905, P. L. 211):

> From and after the passage of this act, in cases where the husband or wife is a hopeless lunatic or non compos mentis, the courts of common pleas of this commonwealth are invested with the authority to receive a petition or libel for divorce; the affidavit, as now required by law to such petition for libel, to be made by the petitioner; and the service of subpoena in divorce shall be made as now provided, such service to be made upon the committee of such lunatic; and all the provisions of the several acts relating to divorce shall apply to all applications made under this act.

It has been supposed that the Legislature intended by this act to make insanity a ground for divorce in Pennsylvania, but the language of the act is ambiguous and it was held by the Superior Court, in Baughman vs. Baughman (34 Pa. Super. Ct. 271), that this act does not create or make insanity a new ground for divorce, but merely extends the provisions of the divorce laws to cases where the respondent is a hopeless lunatic, and the cause of divorce alleged is any one of those existing under the previous statutes.

DAVID SERBER.

Philadelphia.

The Race Question at Harvard

SIR: I hold no brief for President Lowell's method of approaching the limitation of the number of Jews at Harvard, nor his exclusion of Negroes from the freshman dormitories.

A member of the Harvard College Class of 1914 was a young Negro who was liked and accepted by his classmates, and in their senior year was elected Class Orator by their votes. If there were a hundred Negroes in a class, it is obvious that he would have been included in a general ostracism. If a hundred Negroes appeared together at Harvard's gates, to admit them would be a compliance with an *abstract* equality. The individual Negro with ability to obtain admission under any conditions, would thereby be deprived of the *real* equality of opportunity he now enjoys at Harvard. This aspect of anti-Negro prejudice is true, in a greatly modified form, and with qualifications, of anti-Semitism.

WALTER T. FISHER.

Chicago.

The Prompt Book

COMING out of the theatre not long ago we heard a woman exclaiming over the charms of the young hero in the play. "You often see actors with fine shoulders," she was saying, "or with a fine head, but it's not often you see one with so fine a leg." My companion turned to me and observed that we had often heard of the Tired Business Man but the Tired Business Woman we had not met before.

The incident brutalizes the theme a little no doubt, but it trails a point with it. There has been an amiable change in the men of our theatre toward the more casual, the more flimsily natural or journalistic or looser. Time was when actors were romantic, they had something of technique, they were equipped with something at least that had to be learned, if it was only English diction or fencing or entering a room. Sometimes even they were senatorial personages acutely sonorous and masters of the grand manner. But these actors were for romantical ladies. Later came actors who were strong, hardy, with gusto; which at least took exercise for its achievement. That was for the athletic ladies. And then later still the actors were moody, the semblance of a thoughtful brow had at least to be learned. They were for the revolted daughters, the intellectuelles.

But in that matinée of ours with the fine-legged hero one saw women very different from all these. They looked above all else busier. There were rows of more exact-looking women. Women of affairs, artists, buyers, decorators, agents, tea-room managers with college degrees and silver jewelry; women busy about their husbands, their lovers, their clothes, their leisure, their make-ups, or their engagements, as the case happened to be. Women who ate their lunches at the club; women who had telephones; who sat on committees. Most of them had been busy; most of them were tired, just as men are. And just as men did, they wanted relaxation and amusement. They had come to the theatre to be refreshed. In sum the T. B. W.

And the actors that please the T. B. W. are amiable, willing creatures. They may either delight in their persons or may boyishly neglect them—a manly advantage over their poor sisters, who for the T. B. M. must always be attractively set out, must be—if not overwhelmingly Oriental—blond, must be lustrous, massaged and tireless. But like their sisters these actors have no technique. They hustle through their scenes with simple freedom, untouched by the exotic corruption or subtlety of your foreign or high-brow stuff. Like their sisters their business is to please all with pleasant vacuity, nothing too much of anything but that, and to have something for all, to please everybody a little bit—the great secret of our popular art. Nor is there any chance of their becoming artists. The gifted among them soon learn better. Nothing is asked of them but to be themselves; and not even that, for that is a great artistic need; they are asked to give us that side of themselves which could be expressed on a magazine cover; they are to leave us rested, amused, moved just enough; they are to give us something that we seek when we have seen enough of life by being busy all day and want to pass the time. They are the remainder of the table d'hôte.

But T. B. M. or T. B. W., why not one as well as the other these days? They have equal rights to be amused and refreshed.

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TEMPO

If you listen in the New York theatre you will very commonly hear actor after actor take the tempo of his speech from the speech that has just been spoken. And so it happens sometimes that for a whole scene the tempo of all the speeches have about the same measure. I doubt if the average producer ever thinks one way or the other about the subject.

But the vitality behind dramatic art makes it necessarily true that every part has in itself its general tempo, its time-pattern; and the same is true of every single speech. What is true of visual design is true for the ear also: that every section of a play is a time-centre in itself, to which surrounding parts are related; all these centres in their turn are related to larger centres, and so on.

A study of tempo by our actors would help mend two of the worst faults on our stage, monotony and lack of speed. And the achievement of more variety and speed would help to clear away the idle imitative, the realistic clutter now so much in the way of the art of the theatre. And finally a study of tempo leads to better diction, to more flexible characterization, and to a sharper impress of the dramatic pattern involved.

INCLUSIVENESS

When Mr. Edward Johnson of the Chicago Opera Company conceived the part of Pinkerton he chose the right direction. The character has never been popular with audiences. They have never liked this picture of a young naval officer who betrays the woman that loves him and then sails away and deserts her. What could an artist do, I fancy Mr. Johnson reflected, to make this part less repellent and more tragic and moving? What profoundly human—and so more easily forgiveable or at least understandable—motives might there conceivably be that would account for such an action and such callousness of heart? Mr. Johnson ended by creating a young man lifted and carried away by the glamour of the East, its romance and exotic horizons. Into this world of his imagination the woman came; through it he saw her, and her love for him may have grown to meet this excitement, this glow, this tender intensity in him. He as well as she was the victim of forces stronger than himself. So that his cruelty was one of the defects of an excellence.

This conception of the part was permissible enough, and as true, for that matter, as any other. And it has the advantage over the usual conception of Puccini's hero, the betrayer of the passing-whim-of-a-man theme, because it brings into action more of life; it includes more of what we are or may be. It is not so easy as that average conception, which settles the matter very simply; but it is more persuasive and moving because it is more beautiful. It is darker and more distressing in the end because it covers more of life and is therefore more widely indicative, less incidental or individual, and more fatally expressive. It carries farther and is more tragic because, by depicting them as working on all the characters, it leaves more exposed the forces that are at work. And as the development of a rôle for an artist it all rests on a deeper and more significant method.

Realism is partly responsible for this narrowing and hardening of motives and character-drawing in the theatre. Realism constantly manifests an anxiety to explain. In its anxiety to give an account of things or to present them uncolored by mystery and sentiment, realism remains ill at ease with the inexplicable. But since their inexplicability is always a part of the vitality of all things, it follows that realism to get its focus must tend to narrow or exclude.

For the average actor this of course is the easiest way to go. It creates a seeming actuality for him of logic or science, with which he can be more comfortable in elaborating his part. It makes life seem to work, to fit into our statement of it. But art of importance never makes life work, never puts things into a plausible nutshell, never quite. The clever and the profound thing for any actor in any part is always, in so far as he does not falsify what is intended by the author, to study the part in the light of human nature at its richest and most luminous. The whole success of every piece of art depends finally on the extent to which the outline of its essential character is kept and yet at the same time is filled with possible implications, with means to enlarge and deepen our response to it.

STARK YOUNG.

From Morn to Midnight

THE undoubted fascination of Georg Kaiser's From Morn to Midnight, produced by The Theatre Guild, is due to its daring expressionism rather than to the significance of its content. It is dramatic by virtue of its method. In the play, life is inverted in the sense that what is ordinarily implicit is made explicit; while the relationships of outward circumstances are consciously moulded to give expression to the inward reactions of its central figure. Excepting the absconding bank-cashier, whose short-lived but intense career constitutes the theme of the play, the characters are presented in a natural and realistic light; they are merely a background of people, seen as they see each other, against which the cashier's thoughts and feelings are portrayed.

The action of the play is sufficiently simple. A strange and beautiful woman comes to a small-town bank. The cashier finds himself suddenly intoxicated by the vision of life she represents for him. He steals 60,000 marks, only to discover to his chagrin, that he had mistaken the character of the lady. But he is now carried along by the impetus of his freedom. He would taste life despite the fact that he foresees the end. He leaves his family just as luncheon is to be served. Even this break in the routine of life is a monstrous catastrophe. It kills his aged mother. But he must hurry on. Elegantly attired, he appears in a steward's box at a Velodrome, watching the spectacle of a crowd at the bicycle races. Exhilarated, he would squander his money on the passions of the people. Their outcries, their wild turbulence, however, is nothing but hilarious emptiness which fades into utter silence at the coming of His Highness. Obsequious obedience converts the mob into a servile throng of "hunchbacks." Disgusted, he leaves, to find passion in a private supper-room of a cabaret. The ladies of easy virtue, however, have a passion only for eating and drinking. They lift their masks and they are horrible to look upon. Or, choosing one because he fancies she will dance with a rapture beyond the reach of music, he discovers that she has a wooden leg. The irony is peculiarly German in its grotesque and ugly flavor. He is filled with loathing. We see him next wandering into a Salvation Army hall. Here, on the penitent bench, he finds souls who are at peace. He too would seek salvation. He confesses his theft, and scatters

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his money that it might be trampled upon and destroyed. A wild scramble for the bank-notes ensues; the penitents, the salvationists, the crowd on the benches fight for the money. Their protestations and confessions are all false. In the madness everyone leaves but the Salvation lass who brought him to the hall. Finally she too leaves, only to return with a policeman in order to gain the reward for his apprehension. With a melodramatic gesture he blows out his brains.

The situation is dynamic, the action precipitate; yet we follow the seven scenes of the play in a cold and detached mood. We feel nothing—and perceive everything. Unmoved, we are yet completely absorbed in the delirious path which leads the cashier to suicide. The suicide is not a climax; it resolves nothing—it is merely the end. The play has no climax, as it has no "construction" in the accepted sense of the term, for it is concerned with the expression of a soul reacting directly to inward values rather than to circumstances.

Obviously the author is not concerned with the psychological study of a man who steals 60,000 marks. He wishes us to see a man suddenly released from the bondage and boredom of a humdrum existence, free to move according to his inner impulses. The embezzlement merely liberates the man's hidden instincts and endows them with a violent, abrupt and fatal momentum. He tears through existence with meteoric speed. A key made of lucre frees his instincts but not his soul. For twelve hours life is his completely. In those twelve kaleidoscopic hours, he learns that man's instincts transcend themselves and that money cannot satisfy them. Nothing is worth buying. Disillusioned, but even more disgusted, he finds himself in this brief interval at the end of his spiritual resources.

There is an element of artifice in this approach to inward values. The sequence, the casual relation and the plausibility of outward circumstances are treated with a freedom that is to be justified only by a richer compensation in a philosophic sense. Psychologic relations are sacrificed with disarming frankness; the innumerable characters that people the play are merely necessary puppets for the central theme, and even the cashier, released from his routine personality, no longer speaks the language of a bank clerk. His diction becomes vivid, imaginative, poetic. The scenes following the embezzlement are essentially monologues. The characters are simply types, reacting in a normally habituated manner; the cashier alone gives voice and gesture to his thoughts. The third scene is entirely a monologue, and it is perhaps the most daring and remarkable scene in the play. The cashier, played by Mr. Frank Reicher with subtle artistry and extraordinary inward assurance, is seen in a "field of deep snow," in a white fury of desire, of mingled passion and contempt, of irony and pity. He sees death as the inevitable end, but his thirst for life, for the hot breath of an intense and luxurious reality, prevails. The man's inward reactions alone are dramatized. We see the conflicting complex of his thoughts and ideas, his impulses and restraints, stripped and made articulate. The snow becomes a kind of emblem of a cold, piercing clarity. In this scene the problem is stated; in the others it is enacted against settings of increasing blackness. Their macabre intention is inescapable, culminating in the final ironic touch of a "short-circuit in the main" at the end. The power, the dynamic intensity that is released by the sudden acquisition of freedom is overwhelming, and the cashier blows out his brains as a fuse might blow out under too powerful a current.

Yet that intention is not altogether precise. The dramatist, indulging freely in an imaginative expression of inner values, of sub-surface realities, of liberated emotions, has somehow failed to weave these strands into a single culminating idea. Having sacrificed the naturalistic presentation of psychological facts in order to concentrate upon spiritual values, he has left us somewhat painfully adrift as to the inner significance of the play. It is not a spectacle. It is an analysis; but precisely of what? The value of money? The empty, tawdry, ephemeral pleasures of the senses? The vulgarity, the cheapness, and cowardly meanness of human life? Somehow we feel that we have witnessed in these seven scenes the reverse side of life without a sufficient hint as to the nature and intention of the obverse side. The author has attempted to imply something positive by revealing only negative judgments. He has put only the shadows into the picture, but his draughtsmanship lacked the precision to make them tellingly implicit. The dramatic approach, the method and technique of the play succeed in elevating us to a cold and discerning mood from which we enjoy a wide perspective; but from that vantage point the essential content of the play seems hidden and insignificant. Consequently we are tempted to return in our thoughts to the cashier as a concrete personality; and to follow out, as a matter of human psychology, his theft and its effects. This however, is not at all the intention of the play. In The Hairy Ape, which was conceived in a far more realistic sense despite its expressionism, and in which the language, the psychological relationships, and the individualized character of the various figures were carefully preserved, the effect was quite the reverse; and we left the play, forgetting the characters in our preoccupation with the philosophic problem involved.

The conviction that the play is not solidly conceived, that it lacks an innermost core, is made perhaps all the more obvious by the generally excellent performance of the play which The Theatre Guild gave under the direction of Mr. Frank Reicher. Even the unsavory crudities, the sentimentalities and grotesque touches which blemish the texture of the play were somehow made at least digestible by the intense and uncompromising movement of the performance. Nor are the settings by Mr. Lee Simonson to be passed over without generous praise. Imaginatively conceived, they vastly heightened the mood of the play. The scene-designer, particularly in a play of this kind, has a greater opportunity, more freedom and wider responsibility as a creative artist than the actor, and Mr. Simonson shares with Mr. Reicher the praise due for an artistically sustained and an intelligently and subtly conceived production.

Yet the means, however consummately achieved, can never remedy the defects at the source. From Morn to Midnight shows the amazing possibilities that might be attained by a frankly abstract, intellectualized treatment of dramatic material, but it indicates equally the necessity of sustaining our interest on a speculative plane which the author has chosen by his very method. "Expressionism" is no wise free to play fast and loose with values merely because it proposes to deal with them more directly and more consciously than we have been accustomed to in other forms of dramatic approach. The cashier, in becoming an abstraction, is bound by severer laws than he would have been had he remained a human being with all its mysterious and inexplicable vagaries.

RODERICK SEIDENBERG.

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VERSE

The Revenge

All night I read a little book,
A very little book it was.
It had a pretty, shimmering look
Like silver threaded into gauze.

I read it till the windows turned
Into blue ghosts which stared at me.
The fire tittered as it burned.
A dwarfish sneer perched on my knee.

Who was it put the poison there?
Who has conceived this hellish thing—
To lay a sightless, soundless snare
Amid its lovely whispering?

So gently came the rush of rhymes,
So lightly breathed the poison in—
Who thinks of cinquecento crimes,
White hellebore on jessamine?

I took that little shy, sleek book
And set a crimson match to it.
It crinkled like a freshet brook,
And flaked and vanished, bit by bit.

There was no book my hands could hold,
No book my eyes could ever see,
But round my head it ran, a bold
Ironical phylactery.

I cannot read the book again,
But there's no need, it scalds my head,
A strip of livid, living pain
I shall not lose till I am dead.

For hate is old as eagle peaks,
And hate is new as sunrise gulls,
And hate is ravening vulture beaks
Descending on a place of skulls.

Hate is a torch, hate is a spur,
Hate will accomplish my design:
The author's first biographer!
I pray, O Hate, that task be mine.

I shall not need to criticize
Nor look the subject up at all,
But simply turn round both my eyes
And gaze at my brain's inner wall.

There I shall see a fresco wreath
Of letters moulded of dried tears,
And annotated underneath
The things I've thought and thought for years.

'Twill be a pleasant job, I think,
To crumble up those dusty tears,
And stir them thickly in my ink:
Hate paid at last his long arrears.

My footnotes will enrich the brew
With colours I've brought back from Hell.
I'll write down all I ever knew.
By Satan's ears, I'll write it well!

By Satan's tongue! I'll tell the truth,
And not one word will add to it,
From his egregious, twisted youth
To his last frozen torture fit.

I'll write down his biography
So that the world will die of laughter.
I'll pin him like a squirming fly,
A comic spasm of hereafter.

I'll make his sins a jig of mirth,
His loves so many masterpieces
Of high derision. I will dig
Bare the cold roots of his caprices.

I'll sling about him every soul
He squeezed and drained to give him drink.
His wife gone mad—I'll make it droll.
Bless the Hell colours in my ink!

I'll leave him not a decent rag
Of tragedy to wrap about him.
I'll hang him up as a red flag
Till every street boy learns to shout him.

I've taken up a pretty whim,
But, tit for tat, he had his chance.
And I may end by blessing him,
My partner in this ghoulish dance.

He slew me for a time—admitted;
But I shall slay him for all time.
Poor shrivelled clown whom I've outwitted,
I pardon you your poisoned rhyme.

Go peacefully, for I have done
With you, and your false book is dead.
There's sorrow, too, in having won.
Go softly then, and go wellsped.

AMY LOWELL.

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Books and Things

IN what key shall I pitch this novel of mine, which at last, after all these years, I am ready to begin? Surely the answer is easy. Larrabee the Blest—which my novel insists upon calling itself, although my dislike of punning titles is as inveterate as yours—Larrabee the Blest must have the color and the tone which real life has had, in my ears and eyes. Larrabee the Blest must be a faithful report of what life has said to me. I am sufficiently a child of my time, albeit rather an elderly child, to be incapable of aiming at any other mark.

But what is it that life has said to me? This question, to which I thought I knew the right answer, has put every conceivable answer clean out of my head. Life has said: "I am here, I am now, I shall not last. For you, when for you I am over, the past—both your private past and all the past of all the world—will be as if they had never been. The future—what a pretentious word for what a small affair! For you the only future lies between the present hour and your hour of death." Since man was conscious of life there has not been a moment when life was not saying this to somebody. To me, as to every one else, life has said different things at different moments. Nobody can report the whole of life verbatim. The most I can hope for, at my hopefullest, is that a fairly accurate description of my novel may be this: "On such a day, in such a place, addressing a small and restless audience, Life said, in substance and in part. . . ."

On second thoughts, perhaps I had better strike out "in substance," since what life has said to me "in substance" is just what I most don't know. But "in part"! There lies the only goal I can be sure of making. The flow of time and life, that odd stream in which individual human drops are always being born and dying—this I must not try to represent, since the greatest novelists have tried and failed, each in his degree, to represent it. Nor shall I try to draw characters as inconsistent as the people one knows, who are as centreless, as incoherent, as a bunch of grapes. That way failure lies. But wait a minute—how stupid of me—do not all guide-books to the art of fiction keep repeating, with an iteration more or less damnable, that there is one part of life, and only one, which a novelist can report verbatim? He can report talk. What men and women say. Set though they must be in oceans of misty falsification, I can still by merely listening and remembering and taking notes give my readers small islands of reality. Dialogue.

Every scrap of dialogue in my novel, if I will have it so, can be something I have heard somebody say. But I have not heard enough to furnish, according to this specification, a single novel with dialogue. What nonsense! Every man hears enough in one month to supply all the dialogue necessary to all the novels he can write in a lifetime. Every man hears. Nobody listens. Of the few best listeners none remembers more than a tenth of one percent of what he has paid attention to. What I need, in order to equip my short novel—Larrabee the Blest won't run to more than fifty or sixty thousand words, I suppose—what I need, if my dialogue is to be restricted to things I have heard people say, is an attention more acute and less selective, plus a more retentive memory, than any novelist, or any playwright, has possessed, ever. That is all I need.

Well, suppose I imagine myself supplied with the material which such gifts would bring along. On the stage, as M. Maurice Donnay once reminded us, nothing would seem less natural than a dialogue which copied life exactly. He said this twenty odd years ago. Is it true today? Aren't we approaching a moment when, to the excluding, narrow, starved, unhappy children of that moment, no speech will seem natural in novels or plays except a stenographic report of their own chatter? But this predicament toward which we are moving seems always itself to be on the move. The distance which separates us from it will still be long, after no matter how much shortening, and the rest of the way will always be impassable. The more accurately a novelist listens, the more faithfully he reports, the fewer the readers who will perceive that he has listened well.

Nothing would sound, in a novel, less like a stenographic report of real talk than a stenographic report of real talk. True today, it will be less true tomorrow, less true the day after, and it will always be true. This, if I am not mistaken, is the hypothesis I arrive at, which I ought to have started from. And "it is the nature of an hypothesis, when once a man has conceived it, that it assimilates everything to itself, as proper nourishment; and, from the first moment of your begetting it, it generally grows the stronger by everything you see, hear, read, or understand." And Mr. Tristram Shandy immediately adds: "This is of great use." It is indeed. By the help of my hypothesis I am enabled to say that those living novelists are not stenographic whose dialogue sounds most like stenography. They are merely selective in a way more or less new, and they do their selecting from material that is new more or less. What we call, in novels, an approximation to stenography, is usually an exaggeration of the traits which give current speech its banality.

Besides, if you had forgotten nothing, or had taken notes of everything, and if you wished to give your stenographically reported talk a good chance of sounding lifelike, you would have to give the other parts of your novel a surface, a tone, a movement such as no novel has had yet. Better I don't say and don't mean, but different, certainly different. What I am trying to get at, the buoy I hope to round by all this tacking, is that although I cannot make more than a small proportion of my dialogue stenographic, I can easily make so much of it stenographic that a child can't fail to distinguish what I've heard from what I've made up, and that the rest of my novel will sound less naturalistic than even the invented parts of the dialogue. So unflattering is the light thrown by what we can do upon what we can't.

Well, what is the answer? That I had better give up my plan, better not try to write a naturalistic novel at all? I don't think so. Why not postpone the dialogue until the last of all, write the rest of my novel as naturalistically as I can, and then try to get the dialogue into the picture? Or perhaps, since dissonance of dialogue and narrative is one of the means to burlesque, and since I am bound to achieve this dissonance any way, why not exaggerate the dissonance, why not go in for burlesque, openly? Can't I say what I have to say, show what I have to show, as accurately in burlesque as otherwise? After all, there is a burlesque technique of saying, while quite seriously believing, that life is short and death is long, that each of us is part of this earth's perishable freight.

P. L.

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The Jews

The Jews, by Hilaire Belloc. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.00.

MR. BELLOC recognizes that there is a "Jewish problem," and so should we. Years ago, when Jews came to our shores in small numbers and scattered widely throughout the country, they were welcomed and treated with respect. There was then no problem. But latterly their numbers have increased prodigiously through immigration from eastern Europe, and the attitude of the non-Jewish American people has gradually changed. A serious problem has now arisen. Externally we go on pretending that there is no problem, usually refusing to mention publicly the word "Jew," and, when we do mention it, taking pains to explain that the Jews are perfectly good Americans, differing hardly more from the rest of us than Baptists differ from Methodists. But while most of us pursue this course in *public,* there has been in the last fews years an unmistakable growth of *private* feeling and expression against our Jewish fellow-countrymen. I refer not merely to the noisy diatribe of Mr. Henry Ford and his Dearborn Independent (I have just put in the waste-basket the *fourth* volume of his Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States), but to the growing practice of excluding Jewish Americans from clubs and summer-resorts and certain residential districts and of reducing their numbers in private schools and colleges, and I refer particularly to the widespread "whispering" campaign against them. How many persons a year or two ago were gossiping with one another about the so-called "Protocol of the Elders of Zion," that mysterious document which purported to be final proof of the Jewish conspiracy against modern civilization? How many of those who talked about the document knew it to be the rankest forgery? And of those who took it at its real value, how many openly denounced it? On all sides, "whispering" continues against our Jewish fellow-citizens: in private conversation all manner of sinister and ugly characteristics are ascribed to them individually and collectively, and it is darkly asserted in drawing-rooms, and in humbler quarters too, that the Jews are obtaining control of real estate, natural resources, newspapers, and banking. If this thing is unchecked, the welcome once extended to Jews in America will eventually be replaced by persecution, perhaps by exile, and possibly even by massacre.

This prophecy, if unfortunately true, will but confirm Mr. Belloc's general thesis that there has been universally throughout history a "tragic cycle": "welcome of a Jewish colony, then ill-ease, followed by acute ill-ease, followed by persecution and outrage; this followed, naturally, by a reaction and the taking up of the process all over again."

Mr. Belloc writes as the avowed advocate of his own nationality and equally as the avowed opponent of anti-Semitism. He treats the Jews as "aliens," wherever they are found, but he is anxious to lessen the friction between the European nations and their "alien guests." He insists that the difficulty is caused by friction between the "races," and he suggests that the explanation of the friction lies in the habit of secrecy on the part of the Jews, in mutual contempt (arising alike in Jews and in non-Jews from a sense of superiority), and in the quarrel "between what is national and what is international, between what is of us and what is alien." He would remove the causes of friction. He would have the Jews abandon their too common practice of changing names. He would have them, and us too, drop all reserve and talk frankly about the problem. He would encourage mutual understanding, charity, and respect. At the same time he would welcome general recognition of the national and racial distinctiveness of the Jewish people. He is opposed to Zionism, but he thinks the Jews in each country might be given a special social and juridical status—a sort of extra-territoriality, a kind of state within the state. This last should be established only if and when the Jews consent to it; it should not be forced upon them.

It is quite the fashion nowadays to isolate each nation from humanity at large and to assign to it a set of inherent, immutable and metaphysical racial characteristics. This has been done for Teutons, Anglo-Saxons, Slavs, Gauls and Gaels; Mr. Belloc does it for the Jews. He argues that the Jews cannot become an integral part of the English, French, American or any other nationality, because they are a "race," with a distinctive "nature" and with a national consciousness separate and apart. In a word, the difference between Jew and Gentile is not accidental or temporary, but fundamental and permanent; it is not social or religious, but "racial."

Such an assumption *may* be correct, but who *knows?* Only when I am convinced that there are *inherent* qualities in Frenchmen not found in Germans, or in Irishmen not found in Englishmen, shall I be ready and eager to subscribe to the idea of inherently Jewish characteristics. At any rate, the arguments advanced by the author in support of Jewish racial distinctiveness leave me cold and unconvinced: "the Jew concentrates upon one matter, he does not disperse his mind"; the Jew possesses "lucidity of thought, his argument is never muddled"; the Jew displays "a certain intensity of action," alternating "loudness" with "secretiveness." What bits of truth are contained in these generalizations can be explained, I think, on grounds other than racial, and in the main they are quite as well exemplified by Frenchmen as by Jews. If they be the distinguishing marks of the Jewish race, then I am tempted to call Mr. Belloc himself a Jew. But I know he isn't.

That there are national differences, no thoughtful person will deny. But I contend that such differences are historical in origin and belong in operation to the category of "acquired characteristics." As such I do not believe that they are transmitted by heredity. It is nurture, not nature, which explains them. This is true of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Russians. Why is it not true of Jews?

Mr. Belloc denies that the Jewish problem is in any sense religious. I disagree with him on this point. I maintain that the Jews in the various countries where they live are marked off from their fellow-countrymen not so much by race as by religion. By "religion" I do not necessarily mean rigid adherence to dogmas or strict observance of ritual. I use the word in a broader way, signifying a social attitude conditioned by ancestral observance of ritual and adherence to dogmas. Thus, we have, in our European-American civilization, "Protestant nations," "Catholic nations," and a "Jewish nation." Which is not to say that all Spaniards are devout attendants at mass or that all Scots believe in infant damnation and the salvation of the "elect," or that all Jews attend the synagogue and observe the law of Moses. It is to say, rather, that Jews, Scots, and Spaniards have

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certain distinctive habits and customs because the bulk of their ancestors for centuries practiced different religions, respectively Judaism, Calvinism, and Catholicism. Yet Catholics are now tolerated in Scotland and Calvinists in Spain.

If my contention is correct, then why can we not arrange a modus vivendi between "Christians" and "Jews" as we do between the Christian sectaries or between "Catholics" and "Protestants"? The chief obstacle which I perceive, is the recent enormous growth of rampant nationalism. In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, when cosmopolitanism and internationalism were in the air, much was achieved in the direction of religious toleration; it surely was the age of Jewish "emancipation." But following the national wars of the third quarter of the nineteenth century there were ugly outcroppings of nationalistic (and religious) bigotry: persecution of Poles by the Prussian government; "Russification" of subject nationalities in the Empire of the Tsars; and the development of anti-Semitism in Russia, Germany, Austria, and France. Now, after the Great War of All the Nations, we are naturally witnessing a further flowering of nationalism, not least significant among whose fruits is an ubiquitous campaign against "aliens," notably Jews, and simultaneously a reaction of the Jews themselves toward a more acute national consciousness.

The outstanding menace of present-day nationalism is its intolerance. A group within a given nationality (sometimes though not always representing the majority) assume that they and they alone are the arbiters of what all the inhabitants of their country shall think, speak, and do, not only in politics, but in economics and religion and society generally. All persons who refuse or fail in any respect to conform to the standards set by the active national group, are viewed with suspicion, discriminated against, and subjected to persecution. The Jewish problem, especially in the United States today, is but a phase of a larger problem, a problem which springs from the new nationalism and which affects all manner of minorities.

As I read Mr. Belloc's book, my wonder grew that a swordsman so deft as he should not perceive the two-edged character of the sword he wields. If the Jews are to be treated as "aliens" and permanently set off from the rest of the community by legal barriers, why not also the members of that religion to which the author and his present reviewer alike adhere? In the United States popular prejudice against the Catholic minority is almost, if not quite, as strong as against the Jewish minority: the junior Senator from Georgia can be paired with the almost-Senator from Michigan, and the anti-Semitic Dearborn Independent is surpassed in circulation as well as in virulence by the Menace and other anti-Catholic sheets. It is alleged of Catholic Americans, as of Jewish Americans, that they are "different," that they are clannish, that they are un-American, that they belong to an "international" organization, that they are under foreign domination.

No! Mr. Belloc's explanation and solution of the "Jewish problem" are not satisfactory, at least for us Americans. We should be grateful to him for insisting that there is a problem, and we should be willing, as he advises, to discuss it openly. But its just and happy solution depends on the just and happy solution of the greater problem of nationalism. And this problem requires right thinking, earnest cooperation, mutual charity, and, above all infinite patience.

CARLTON J. H. HAYES.

Five Scandinavian Novels

The Soul of a Child, by Edwin Björkman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The Outcast, by Selma Lagerlöf. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Wanderers, by Knut Hamsun. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Guest, the One-Eyed, by Gunnar Gunnarsson. New Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Egholm and His God, by Johannes Buchholtz. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IF Scandinavia today is making any special contribution to the development of the novel, these five books are sufficiently representative to give some clue to its quality. Coming as they do from Sweden (town and country), Norway, Iceland, and Denmark, they speak for all the branches of that race with us commonly confused but actually almost as different as the people of France, Scotland, Shetland, and England. Have these Scandinavians, none the less, certain common root qualities that set their fiction apart and give it a peculiar value?

To begin with, these five books might almost be gathered under one title—The Seekers. They are variations of one theme, the soul's quest to find itself, to understand itself, to save itself. Björkman presents the endeavor to find; Hamsun and Buchholtz, to understand; Miss Lagerlöf, to save; and Gunnarsson, in his compressed trilogy, shows something of all three. Is this prime interest in the "placing" of the soul a special heritage of the Scandinavian race?

Its first condition would seem to be temperamental restlessness, dissatisfaction with what is, the quest into the unknown. We remember the Vikings. Descendants of Vikings are the people in these books. The city-bred Child, tied to a mother's apron string, dreams of exploration. The Outcast's life is ruined in the search for the North Pole. The Wanderer is incurably vagrant; Egholm no less. Guest the One-Eyed is a modern Odin; and Ormarr (in the same book) makes explicit the racial tug at the heart "when he saw the wild swans and other fowl heading for the still frozen heights farther inland, driving their wedges through the air, and crying aloud in joy of life. And that same viking spirit which had driven his fathers before him came on him now and drove him abroad in haste." In this mood Beowulf sailed across the sea to fight Grendel and Leif Ericsson found America. And even in defeat this spirit survives in Egholm making of his little boat a funeral pyre for his worldly dreams.

Dichotomy of the soul—analogous to the sharp dichotomy of the seasons in those latitudes where day and night are so strangely divorced—is that the phase of human experience which these books especially interpret? A keenly observant, much thinking people, grimly recognizant of fact but forever struggling toward the unknown behind it, grimly stoical and subject to berserker rages—so we think of the Scandinavians; and so they appear in all these books. The poor bank porter, the religious fanatic, the respectable pastor, the disciplined military man, the undisciplined genius are all subject to the "sudden bursting of all bonds that chained" their "ungovernable" minds. Such lapses of the soul, recorded in the earliest sagas, are surely, then, characteristic of this race of seekers.

Moreover, all the books are palpably atmospheric. We live in very Stockholm, in the sea-bound moorlands of

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Sweden and the homely countryside of Norway, in the stuffiness of a Danish small town, on the great farm hedged in by the mountains of Iceland.

From the foregoing would be expected what is in fact the case, that each of these books attempts a big theme and fails in the handling. To this statement Björkman's book must be made an exception, being no more than an honest record of a boy's inner life, treated more frankly than in most books of its kind. If it is not to be followed up, it is mere document; if it is only the prologue to a history of Keith Wellander, it cannot yet be judged. But in the other four, big intention is manifest.

Wanderers shows primarily the effort of a civilized man to find his soul by contact with the earth; but the development of the theme is tangled with a commonplace story of love and infidelity in which Hamsun obviously intends to use as a parallel the "wanderings" of unhappy souls. Moreover, instead of a novel we have two long short-stories, with an interval of six years supposed between the events in them, each moving in a series of roughly joined adventures to its conclusion. There is too much pattern to give the conviction of life, too little for the dynamic symmetry of a work of art.

Miss Lagerlöf's book is built upon the traditional horror of cannibalism, to which she represents her hero as driven by Arctic starvation. But not content with working out his long expiation of service to mankind, she complicates her theme with the love tragedy of a mismated pastor's wife, drags in the horrors of the Battle of Jutland to introduce a "sermon on the sacredness of life," and finally breaks the neck of verisimilitude to prove her hero innocent. Thus she has swamped her theme in propaganda; but even if she had not, is it manageable? Witness Conrad's Falk. And as for the treatment, Miss Lagerlöf's is kaleidoscopic.

The theme of Egholm is the struggle between worldly ambition and desire for Heaven in the brain of a man about one-third genius and two-thirds fool. In this are possibilities, but they are not developed. The book should have been called Scenes from the Life of etc. We have snapshots of the soul of Egholm in various disconcerting situations. We are told perfunctorily how he came to be what he was; we can more easily conceive his slow disintegration. But the big problem is dabbed at, not solved.

Of Gunnarsson's book the title is a misnomer. Guest is the least convincing figure in the book and the account of his expiation is only the middle episode, between the story of Ormarr's disillusion and young Örlygur's love pastoral. The fact is that Gunnarsson has written a modern saga, the history of three generations of the family at Borg, as the Icelandic title shows. The story of Guest's expiation, I am told by someone who knows Iceland, strains probability as much as to the American reader does the crime itself. That a minister should in a church accuse his father of the sin of which he is guilty and expect not to be found out is no less extraordinary than that he should wander in disguise for years, undiscovered in a land where every man's history is everybody's business. Moreover, Gunnarsson has attempted three times too much. If he had worked out the theme of the simple Icelander's discovery of the illusions of civilization (as Wasserman, with his cheap, journalistic effects, attempted to do), he might have made a great book. If he had told only the live story of young Örlygur, he might have made an appealing book. Attempting the three themes, he thrice rouses interest and thrice kills it. And the most magnificent possibility of all, the full interpretation of the life of the old chief of Borg, who belongs in type with the men who defended Burnt Njal, is left buried in the matrix.

Disappointing books, all of them, irritating because they achieve so much and not more. Yet they are stimulating because they show what we need to get into our own novels—the desire and the power to interpret. We have developed technical expertness, fluent expression, and snapshot realism; but we do not dig about the roots of life as these Scandinavians do.

EDITH RICKERT.

The Myth of a Guilty Nation

The Myth of a Guilty Nation, by Albert Jay Nock. New York: B. W. Huebsch. Cloth, $1.00. Paper, $.50.

"HISTORICAL science seems to be floundering in the quicksand of relativity," said a distinguished German professor recently. He meant that in history, as in art and literature, the old standards of criticism and painstaking craftmanship are being thrown overboard by a new and undisciplined generation which seeks short cuts to absolute truth through new formulas. Systematic training and careful research have been abandoned in favor of intuitional culture and mere intellectual cleverness. Truth for its own sake has been supplanted by propaganda for a political purpose. The German professor is right, at least if one is to judge from the literature on the origin of the war. Mr. Nock's little volume is a typical example.

Mr. Nock's purpose is "to establish one point and only one, namely: that the German government was not solely guilty of bringing on the war." His purpose is sound and excellent. Mr. Lloyd George never made a more regrettable utterance than his insistence that "German responsibility for the war must be treated by the Allies as a 'chose jugée.'" The battle of the books on the subject, especially from the radical side, hardly indicates that an enlightened public opinion is going to consent to regard it as a settled question. We hope Mr. Nock's readable little volume, which originally appeared as articles in the Freeman, will have a very wide reading. But we fear his method—and tone—will scarcely convince a majority of those who stand most in need of getting his point of view.

It used to be thought that a historian should study the original documents and handle them critically and cautiously. Perhaps Mr. Nock would say that he does not claim to be a historian. At any rate, he does not appear himself to have taken any pains to analyze the wealth of documentary material now available to students from the archives of Berlin, Vienna, and Petrograd. He frankly says of his own book, "Almost all of it is lifted straight from the words of my friends, Mr. Francis Neilson and Mr. E. D. Morel,"—two writers more noted for their zeal than their impartiality. Similarly, Mr. Nock incautiously fills nearly a quarter of his volume with excerpts from the so-called Belgian documents, which were carefully hand-picked by the Junker group from the mass of diplomatic papers in the Brussels archives and published to serve as German propaganda and to prove the iniquities of the Entente. Though these documents are genuine enough, it must be remembered that they have been picked to prove a thesis, and hence give but one side of the case, even though the Belgian diplomats may have reported the other; moreover, it can be proved that these Belgian diplomats were often ill-informed, and report political gossip

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rather than accurate information about what was really going on inside the Foreign Offices of Europe. Mr. Nock has a good cause—for Germany was certainly not solely responsible—but he has not made the most convincing statement of it.

SIDNEY B. FAY.

Negro Poets

The Book of American Negro Poetry, chosen and edited by James Weldon Johnson. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $1.75.

Harlem Shadows, by Claude McKay, with an introduction by Max Eastman. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $1.35.

IF it were possible to read Mr. Johnson's collection without knowing that all of it was written by Negroes, it is rather unlikely that one would think it remarkable in any way. One would be struck, here and there, by a certain simplicity, or technical competence, or musically flowing rhythm, or warmth of feeling, or occasional vivid phrase. Longer than any of these things, which are to be found in fairly good poetry anywhere, one would remember flashes of an aching indissoluble bitterness, a white anger stripped of all merely personal unhappiness, which, if one did not know by what oppressed it was uttered and against what oppressor, would be puzzling and disquieting.

But since it is known who wrote them, it is impossible to read these poems as one reads most poetry. There arise at once, from the auction block and cotton field and lynching post and Harlem slum, the faces of our dark stepchildren, whom we have mistreated and misunderstood, whose time of trouble is not yet over, who are struggling painfully out of darkness toward some degree of happiness in an alien land. We think of the general assumption—which has always been the master's excuse for keeping down the slave—that they are essentially inferior to us. Perhaps they are inferior in many of the things which our civilization likes to think are important—who can say so for sure? And who can say for sure that they are not our equals in some things, and in others even our betters?

They have their own fields to plough, which are not ours. The only music native to America is theirs; and in its particular quality of spontaneity, of free rhythm and rich harmonies, only possible in an uncomplicated spirit very near to the earth, there is nothing else like it in the world.

Is poetry one of their fields? Impossible to say as yet. On the strength of this collection by Negroes—nearly all now living—it is clear that they can write poetry as good as the great mass of ours, and they have produced one real poet, though by no means a great one—Mr. Claude McKay. It is an uneven collection. Too much of it is in the tradition of echoes, flowery phrase and emotion vaguely expressed which have always afflicted poetry. Too much of it is modelled after what is least worth copying. A good deal of it is in dialect, which always leaves me uneasy. Print cools and distorts phrases which, when spoken or sung, have a charming spontaneous gusto. Mr. Du Bois' A Litany at Atlanta is impressive, but as poetry is buttered too thick with indignation. Mr. Braithwaite's Sandy Star stirs pleasantly, like a light wind. Miss Spencer has great mastery over dreamy, half-mystical melodies. Mr. Fenton Johnson has a fine gift for direct observation and biting phrase in short prose poems whose reality makes him perhaps the most original contributor to the collection, though Mr. Claude McKay is by far the ablest poet.

I cannot quite agree with Mr. Max Eastman that Mr. McKay "reminds us of Burns and Villon and Catullus." I feel that a hospitality to echoes of poetry he has read has time and again obscured a direct sense of life, and made rarer those lines of singular intensity which express, as Mr. Eastman aptly says, "the naked force of character." I am sorry he so often uses such indoor and inbred poetic phrases as "the Northland wreathed in golden smiles," "I have forgot what time the purple apples . . .", or "'neath the floating moon," when he is capable of the stark sincerity of Harlem Shadows or Spring in New Hampshire, or the poignancy of The Barrier.

If Mr. McKay and the other poets don't stir us unusually when they travel over poetic roads so many others have travelled before them, they make us sit up and take notice when they write about their race and ours. They strike hard, and pierce deep. It is not a merely poetic emotion that they express, but something fierce, and constant, and icy cold, and white hot. We quite believe Mr. Johnson when he says that "the Negro in the United States is consuming all of his energy in this gruelling race struggle." For it is the common thread running all through the book. It ranges from the restraint of Mr. Corrothers: "To be a Negro in a day like this demands rare patience—patience that can wait in utter darkness"; through Mr. Johnson's own bitter lines:

> Lessons in degradation, taught and learned,
> The memories of cruel sights and deeds,
> The pent-up bitterness, the unspent hate,
> Filtered through fifteen generations. . . .

to Mr. McKay's bitterness (in To the White Fiends), who when he writes

> Think you I could not arm me with a gun
> And shoot down ten of you for every one
> Of my black brothers murdered, burnt by you?

is only speaking for thousands of his race who feel the same hatred—hatred which boils over once in a while, as we know, but breaks in ineffectual waves on the stony white shore, and turns to something like the bottomless despair, felt by Mr. Fenton Johnson:

> I am tired of work; I am tired of building up
> somebody else's civilization. . . .
> Throw the children into the river; civilization
> has given us too many. It is better to die
> than it is to grow up and find out that you
> are colored.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Contributors

EDWARD S. CORWIN is professor of politics at Princeton.

EUGENE S. BAGGER was formerly associate editor of the Szabadsag, a Hungarian newspaper of Cleveland.

EDWIN J. CLAPP is a consulting economist in New York City.

RODERICK SEIDENBERG, an artist who specializes in etchings, has contributed articles to the Freeman.

CARLTON J. H. HAYES is professor of history at Columbia, and author of A Political and Social History of Modern Europe.

EDITH RICKERT, author of The Reaper and other novels, gives courses in contemporary literature at The University of Chicago.

SIDNEY B. FAY, a professor at Smith College, has made a careful investigation into the origins of the war which was printed recently in the American Historical Review.

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